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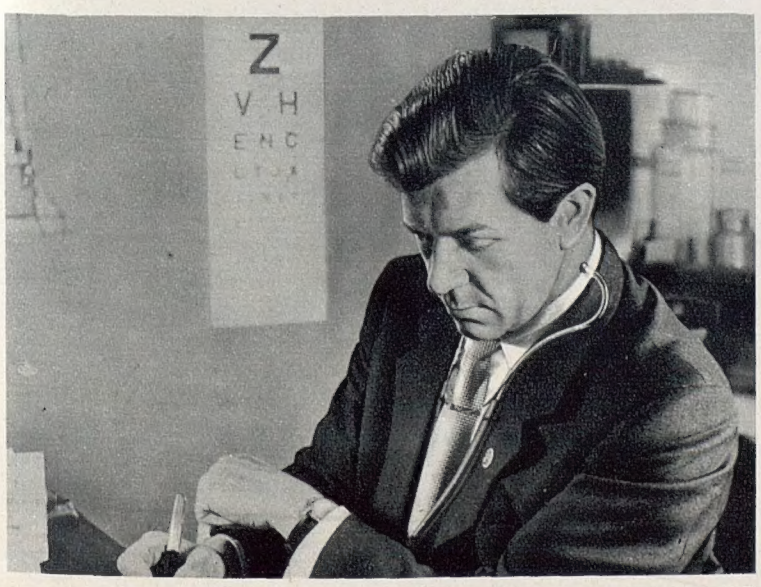

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Volume CCXLVIII No. 3220

THE SPHERE

LONDON, February 17, 1962

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With which are incorporated *The Graphic* and *Black & White*

M. ADOULA AT THE U.N.

The Prime Minister of the Congo Central Government, Cyrille Adoula, is welcomed at the U.N. building in New York by Mongi Slim, the President of the U.N. General Assembly. In a speech to the Assembly M. Adoula appealed for an increase of military aid "so that United Nations resolutions can be carried out." He stressed that he was determined to make the Congo a worthy member of the comity of nations, and to make the Congolese Army an effective force for preserving law and order. The speech received a standing ovation from delegates. The Congolese Premier also lunched with President Kennedy in Washington and later met a group of U.S. Senators. The President pledged continued support for the Government of M. Adoula, who was quoted as saying that America's Congo policy had "scored a bull's-eye." In Leopoldville, the Congolese capital, discussions were taking place on the possible re-starting of tax payments to the Central Government by the Union Minière company. These had lapsed since the attempted secession of Katanga in August, 1960

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NEWS SUMMARY

Khrushchev suggests a Summit after the Anglo-U.S. appeal to halt the nuclear race; the return of Captain Powers; wage claims in Britain; the future of East Africa; the Opera controversy in Vienna

INTERNATIONAL

On Monday it was reported from **Washington** that a proposal had been received there from Mr. Khrushchev for the opening of the eighteen-nations disarmament meeting at **Geneva** on March 14 to be a Summit meeting. (The conference is to consist of five Western nations, five from the Soviet bloc and eight neutrals.) The Russian Premier's suggestion was presumed to be his reply to the appeal sent to him by President Kennedy and Mr. Macmillan that a tripartite meeting of the British, U.S. and Russian Foreign Ministers to make a supreme effort to end the nuclear arms race should precede the Geneva talks.

Mr. Khrushchev is with Senhor Araujo (extreme left), Brazilian Chargé d'Affaires in Russia, at Sochi on the Black Sea. On his return to Moscow, Senhor Araujo said Mr. Khrushchev joked about rumours of attempts on his life

The announcement of the appeal to Russia came at the same time as the news of the resumption of Anglo-U.S. nuclear tests. Agreements were being discussed for Britain to allow the U.S. to use **Christmas Island** in the Pacific for a series of atmospheric tests and for Britain to have underground facilities from the U.S. in **Nevada** to try out some particular device. In **London** Mr. Macmillan declared in the Commons that having had the assessment of the series of forty Russian atmospheric tests last autumn, " I am bound to tell frankly to the House that substantial advances have been made in particular fields by the Russians."

In the middle of these moves, a sensation was caused by the Russians exchanging Captain Powers, the U.2 pilot, and Frederic Pryor, an American student detained in East Germany, for Colonel Rudolf Abel, the Soviet spy sentenced in New York in 1957 to thirty years' imprisonment for espionage. Powers was shot down over Russia on May 1, 1960, in a U.2 reconnaissance plane and sentenced to ten years in prison. Mr. Khrushchev used the incident to wreck the Paris Summit. Last weekend there was widespread speculation about why Russia had been willing to make the exchange. Some thought it was intended as a gesture to America to offset the growing Russian irritation with the Chinese. But at the same time it was noted that Russia had been making new demands on the West regarding the air corridors to Berlin. Russian and Chinese policies may be clarified next month when the Communist Parties in each country are holding high-level conferences.

GREAT BRITAIN

Wage claims in face of the Government's policy of restraint remained the cause of great industrial tension. Last Wednesday, the leaders of the three railway unions were due to see the Prime Minister, in the hope that the outcome might be a better offer than the 3 per cent. increase of Dr. Beeching, the chairman of the Transport Commission. In **Manchester,** leaders of 21,500 north-west railwaymen urged a national rail strike, starting at midnight on March 4 if the visit to the Prime Minister failed. In **York,** the executive council of the Confederation of Shipbuilding and Engineering Workers last week recommended a repeat performance on March 5 of the recent token one-day strike. (At Jaguars factory at **Coventry,** two men worked during this strike. Last Monday 4,500 employees of the factory were still on strike demanding the men's dismissal.) Officials of the National Union of Mineworkers met officials of the T.U.C. in **London** to discuss plans for future action. N.U.M. negotiations for a wage increase with the National Coal Board broke down last week. Other claims likely to be in the news again are those of the London bus men, the gas workers, dockers and building workers.

The House of Lords last week rejected by 70 votes to 36 a scheme for **Manchester** to draw more water from the Lake District. The plan involved moving water from Ullswater to the reservoir at Haweswater and building new reservoirs in Bannisdale and Borrowdale. The motion to prevent Manchester carrying out their plan was put down by Lord Birkett, a lifelong lover of the Lake District. Two days later, Lord Birkett, P.C., died in London, aged seventy-eight. One of the most distinguished English lawyers of this century, he was defence counsel in some of the most sensational trials in the years before the war, was a Judge of the King's Bench Division, and participated on the International Tribunal for the trials of war criminals at Nuremberg, and later a Lord Justice of Appeal.

AFRICA

At the conference of the Pan-African Freedom Movement for East Central and Southern Africa in **Addis Ababa,** leaders of six East African countries resolved to " work relentlessly to establish a federation " as soon as they were all independent. The resolution had the support of Emperor Haile Selassie. The other five countries were Kenya, Uganda, Somalia, Zanzibar and Tanganyika. In Tanganyika itself, with Parliament due to reassemble in **Dar-es-Salaam** during the week, Prime Minister Rashidi Kawawa issued a strong condemnation of threats to strike by railway workers. The unsettling effect of Mr. Nyerere's resignation last month was reported to be lessened, as the former Premier's motive of wishing to strengthen his party, Tanu, became understood.

In Congo reports from **Elisabethville** that the U.N. had asked for access for their troops to five mining towns were said to have increased tension there, in spite of continued co-operation between M. Tshombe, Katanga's President, and the U.N. over the expulsion of foreign mercenaries. The towns were believed to be mercenary strongholds.

Mr. Sandys, British Commonwealth Relations Secretary, spent several days in Salisbury with Sir Roy Welensky, Prime Minister of the Rhodesian Federation, and then moved to Nyasaland to meet Dr. Banda, Nyasaland's Premier. In Ghana, **Tema Harbour,** which took nearly six years to construct at a cost of £27,000,000, was opened by Dr. Nkrumah.

PORTUGAL

In **Lisbon,** 26 of the 33 men accused of seizing the liner *Santa Maria* in January 1961, were sentenced *in absentia.* Captain Galvao, their leader, was given prison sentences totalling 22 years, and General Delgado, the Portuguese opposition leader, was sentenced to 19 years' imprisonment for the moral responsibility of seizing the ship.

AUSTRIA

The resignation of Herr Herbert von Karajan as artistic director of the State Opera in Vienna caused a musical furore which looked like becoming a political issue. It was followed by a two-hour sit-down strike of the house's leading artistic and technical staffs, shouts of " We want Karajan! " during operatic performances and angry editorials in Socialist newspapers attacking the Minister of Education, Herr Drimmel, a member of the People's Party, which forms the Coalition Government with the Socialists. Herr von Karajan resigned because he had not been consulted in the settlement of a dispute between stage hands' unions and the Association of National Theatres.

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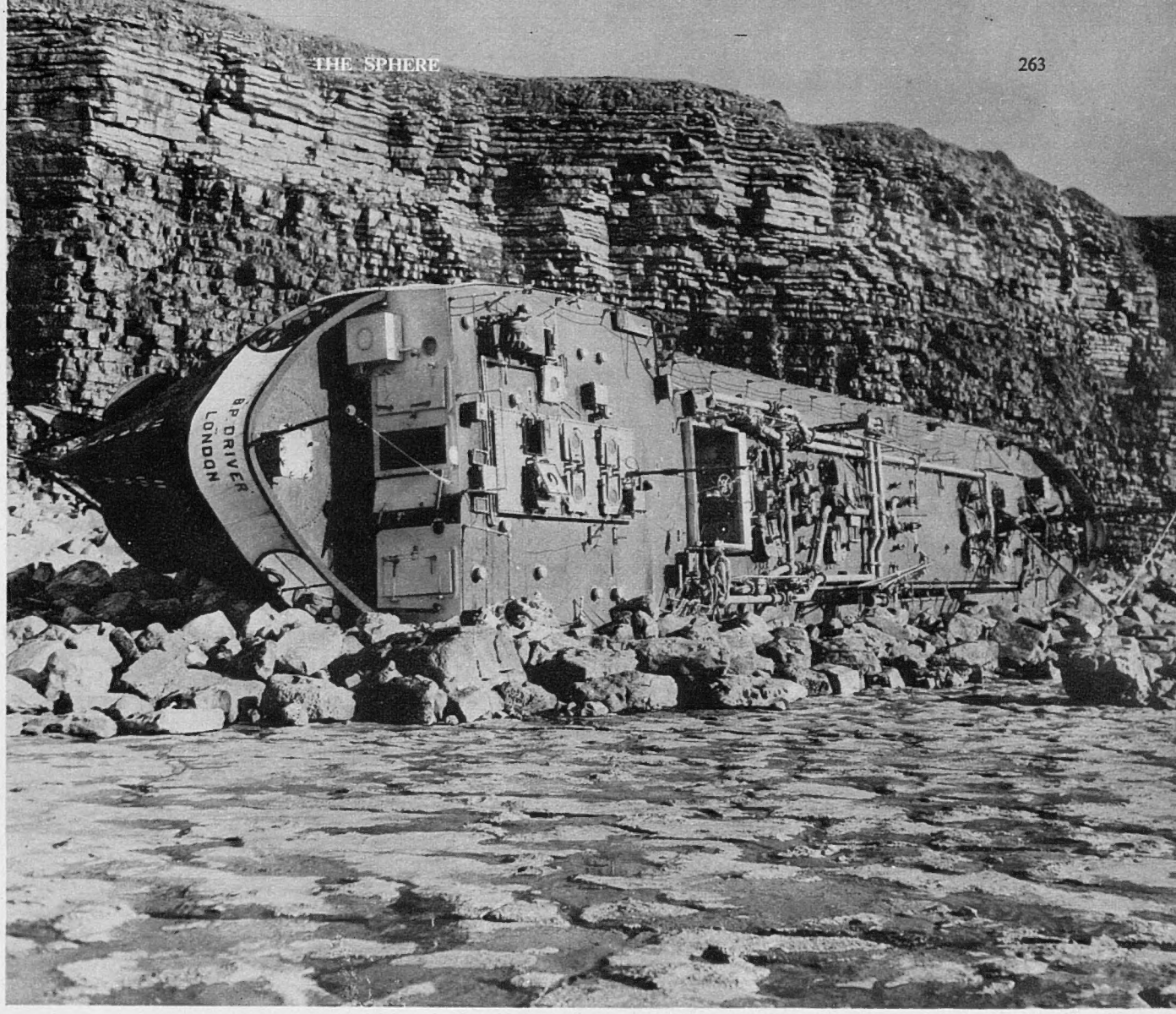
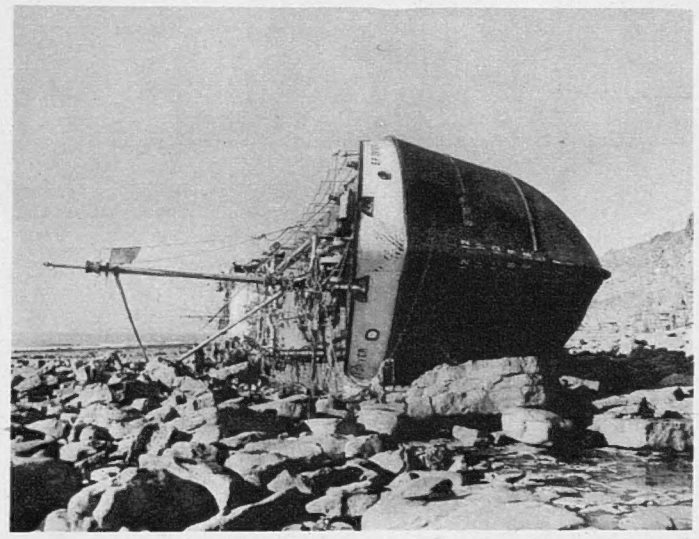
THE NEWS IN PICTURES



THE TANKER *B. P. DRIVER* AGROUND ON THE ROCKS OF THE COAST OF WALES

The small petrol tanker *B.P. Driver* lies on her side embedded in the rocks at Nash Point, near Llantwit Major on the Glamorgan coast. After she ran aground near the Nash lighthouse and was abandoned by her crew of five, the tanker was pounded by heavy seas at the bottom of a 100-ft. cliff. Water washed in and out of the hole beneath her water line. Last week she was swept onto her side and moved 200 yards across the rocks by the waves. In the process the top half of her deckhouse disappeared. It was feared that she could not be re-floated and might have to be salvaged piecemeal. When the *B.P. Driver* went aground, she had been trading between Swansea and Gloucester. About a year previously, the same ship had turned turtle in the Severn, drowning the five members of her crew. She was then named the *B.P. Explorer*. When she was salvaged she was renamed *B.P. Driver*. But she seems to be no luckier as, **below right:** she lies on her side at Nash Point



WASHED LIKE DRIFT-WOOD UP THE BEACH

THE FINNISH GENERAL election

Far right: In the centre of Helsinki, the chairman of the Finnish Students' Union lights the Election Torch to remind passers-by that it is time to vote in the Finnish General Elections. There was a poll of over 80 per cent. Preliminary results showed that the Communists were no longer the largest single party in the Parliament and would probably have forty-seven seats to the Agrarian Party's fifty-five. It was believed in Helsinki that a coalition non-Socialist Government would be formed between the Agrarians, Conservatives and the two People's Parties

Below right: In Munich, Buster Keaton, one of the most famous comedians of silent films, stands shrouded in steam and holding an oil can after naming a 100-year-old steam locomotive, *The General*. This is the title of one of his best-known films. The veteran locomotive, taking Buster Keaton on a journey round Germany, normally runs on the Austrian railway line between Graz and Köflach

BUSTER KEATON NAMES *THE GENERAL*

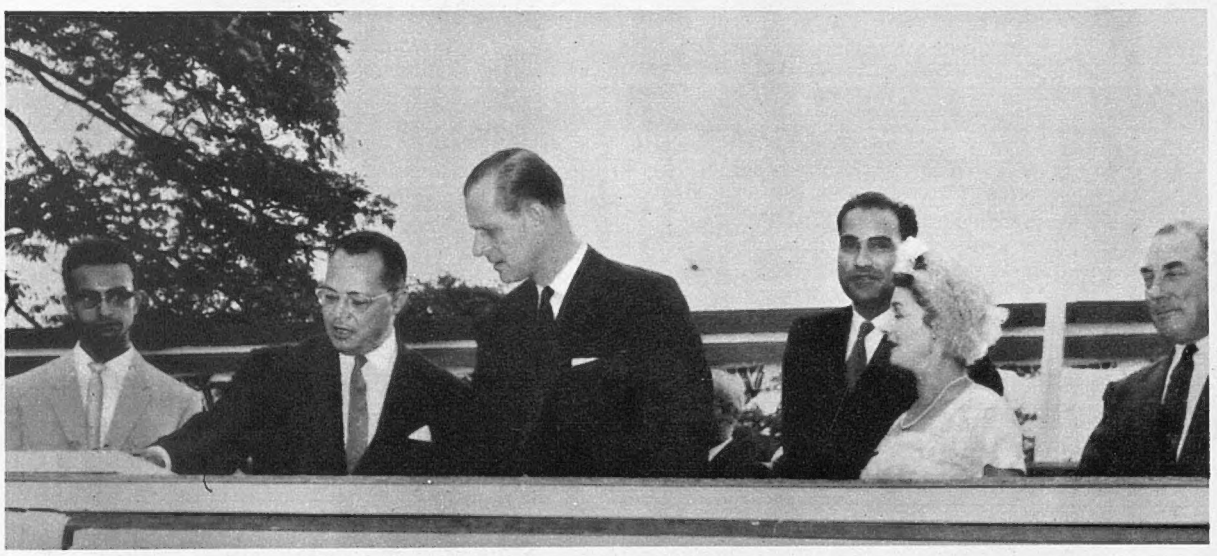
DEVASTATION AFTER A CHEMICAL LORRY BLEW UP

Far right: Police, firemen and workmen survey some of the damaged houses at Friar Park, West Bromwich, after a lorry, carrying a cargo of chemicals, exploded. It was estimated that well over 100 houses were damaged by the explosion and that the cost might be as much as £100,000. A number of people were injured. The lorry was loaded with methyl-ethyl-ketone and hydrogen peroxide when it blew up. Until the Staffordshire Police completed their report for the Home Office, the cause of the explosion would not be known

The Queen is with members of the cast of H.M.S. *Pinafore*, the Gilbert and Sullivan opera, at Her Majesty's Theatre, London. On the day after the Duke of Edinburgh left for his tour of South America, the Queen attended a gala charity performance of the opera. **Right:** A recent picture of the Prince of Wales. Last weekend it was announced that he had been operated on for appendicitis in the Children's Hospital, Great Ormond Street, London. After the operation he was stated to be "satisfactory." The Queen visited her son on Monday afternoon

PRINCE PHILIP IN BRITISH GUIANA

The Duke of Edinburgh waves as he leaves his aircraft at Atkinson Airport, British Guiana



In British Guiana, Prince Philip studies plans for a school for handicapped children. Right is Lady Grey, wife of the Governor

The Duke of Edinburgh left London Airport last week in a Britannia of B.O.A.C. to fly to British Guiana at the start of his long tour of South America. Wherever he went in the colony, which is hoping to become independent this year, Prince Philip was cheered by large crowds. The pattern of his very busy programme was set in these first days in British Guiana. Not only was he able to see something of life in the capital and the countryside, but he also visited industrial plants and factories. The Duke travelled by helicopter to the bauxite mining town of Mackenzie, 60 miles up the Demerara River, before leaving by air for Caracas, the capital of Venezuela, for his four-day visit to the country. From Venezuela he was to go on to Bogotá the capital of Colombia. In his two months' stay in South America, Prince Philip is to journey through 11 countries.

At Atkinson Airport, Prince Philip is with, from the left, the Hon. B. S. Rai, Minister of Home Affairs, British Guiana; Dr. Cheddi Jagan, the Prime Minister of British Guiana; and Sir Ralph Grey, the Governor. **Below:** On the journey in an open car through Georgetown, Sir Ralph points out some of the local features to Prince Philip

JOHN CONNELL

THE STRUGGLE FOR LATIN AMERICA

A little over a week ago, late on the evening of the tenth anniversary of the Queen's Accession, the Duke of Edinburgh set forth on a long and probably pretty arduous tour of Latin America. Very few of the commentators saw fit to mention that the Duke of Windsor, when he was Prince of Wales, once made a similar journey in an epoch of anxiety about Britain's industrial and mercantile future; but I think it neither tactless nor irrelevant to draw attention to the fact that evidence, on this exalted level, of reawakened British interest in the affairs of Latin America is as important as it is (certainly for no fault of His Royal Highness's) tardy.

Once upon a time British influence and interest in Latin America were extensive, and we took them for granted. When the Spanish Empire crumbled in the early years of the nineteenth century British mercenaries, like Admiral Cochrane and General Arthur Wavell, the grandfather of the Field-Marshal, put their talents, which were as impressive as they were diverse, at the service of the various " liberation " movements; and since the word " mercenary " was not regarded as pejorative, men of this kind in their retirement were regarded as respectable, indeed honoured citizens. Flags of independence were run up, the mercenaries wore some splendid stars on their frock coats, and—since nobody had, as yet, invented the supreme crime of neo-colonialism—British trade followed not the British flag, but those very flags which were the symbols of, and salutes to, political independence.

British ties with Latin America persisted strongly until the 1914-18 war. In certain South American countries there were sizeable minorities of British settlers and business folk; their investments and their concessions were believed to be valuable contributions to the development of the nations of their adoption, even if in much of their lives they remained sturdily British, with their own institutions, clubs and pastimes. As Bombay had its branch of the Army and Navy Stores, and Moscow its Muir and Merrilies (where the exile could have good, sensible English afternoon tea), so Buenos Aires had its branch of Harrods. And as the Anglo-Indians (in the old sense of that word), so did the Anglo-Argentinians send their children home to school.

Fidel Castro, the Prime Minister of Cuba, addresses a mass rally in Havana called to protest against the U.S.A.'s embargo on trade with Cuba

It is no use lamenting that tension-free past in which, because the Royal Navy preserved freedom and peace upon the seas of the world, British wealth enabled vast and varied civilisations to develop with the minimum of external influence and without the rivalries which we now take grimly for granted. We live in the morally and psychologically battered, even if physically glossy, fragments of that diverse, imperfect yet fairly peaceful system.

We live in a world in which Professor Arnold Toynbee, in an analysis of the struggle for power in Latin America between the United States and the Soviet Union, can advance the remarkable proposition that pro-Soviet regimes in Mexico or Guatemala would be as disagreeable for the U.S. as the present pro-U.S. regimes in Turkey and Greece are for the Soviet Union. We live in an epoch in which (to borrow another striking phrase of Professor Toynbee) the United States does see " its opponent's ideology dug-in on its own door-step."

We live in an epoch in which Fidel Castro—like Abdul Gamal Nasser—is of strategic as well as politico-diplomatic importance. And it happens, too, that we live in a time in which the initials O.A.S. have two meanings. To those of us whose gaze is fixed, as mine often is, on France and Algeria, they mean not only President de Gaulle's greatest danger, but France's tragic, seemingly irreconcilable, internal conflict; they mean that Frenchmen go on and on killing Frenchmen.

On the other side of the Atlantic, however, they mean the Organisation of American States, a body a good deal less formal, and far less functionally developed, than Nato, which twice in the past six months has been in conference in Uruguay, and in which the United States, with its accustomed (and far from discreditable) ambivalence, is striving to exercise leadership without appearing, too blatantly, to do so. The first conference, therefore, last October, was a manifestation of the Americans' insistent belief that economic aid is the solution; it worked in post-war Europe, blessed be the name of George Marshall and Ernest Bevin, so why should it not work elsewhere? Nobody, however, could call O.A.S. aid " aid without strings." Washington intimated that in some parts of Latin America a more liberal spirit should prevail. In October, therefore, the United States said, in effect, to these nations: " Get yourselves respectable before you get our dollars; stave off revolution by going liberal "; the familiar measures of taxation reform and redistribution of land were urged on them.

Now the only trouble about this otherwise estimable remedy is that, from Tsarist Russia and Sun-Yat-Sen China onwards, it has never, never worked. It has never proved possible, in any allegedly " backward " country, by staging a mild, liberal revolution, to avert a violent, bloody Marxist revolution. In spite of this rather grave (and, one would have thought, by now rather obvious) defect, liberals have continued and doubtless will continue, to peddle the theory and seize every chance they can to put it into operation. As distinct from medicine, in politics vaccination is neither a prevention nor a cure. But the United States earned (last October) a good deal of high-minded praise for its enlightened and timely approach.

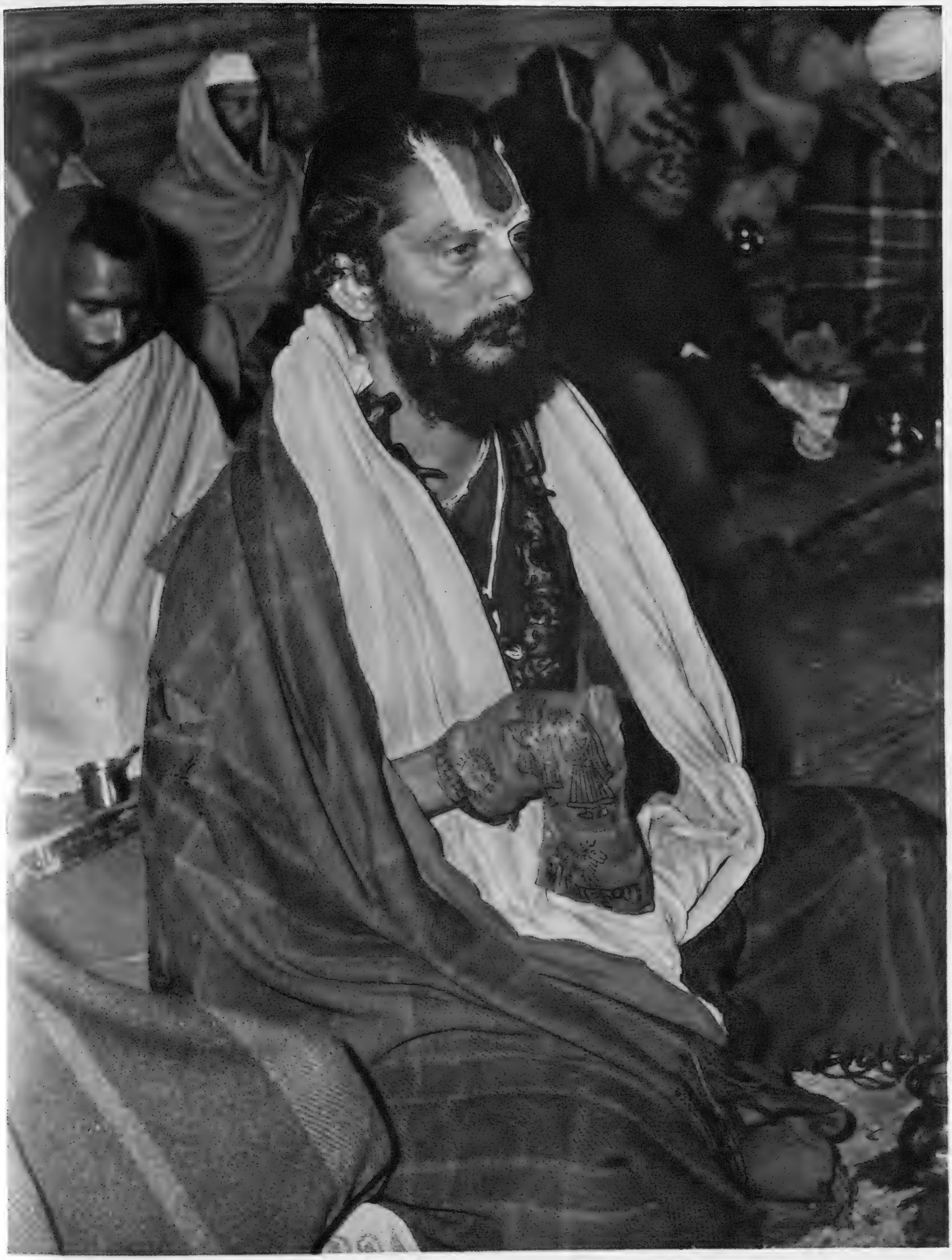
Even then, nobody was so tactless as to recall that liberal opinion had, in the initial stages of Cuba's revolution, just as enthusiastically canvassed a similar approach to Fidel Castro. The torrents of liberal tosh written about Castro, in the early days of his ascent to supreme power, were left, mercifully enough, to gather dust in the files of press-cuttings. On December 2, 1961, however, Castro took off the last of the liberal veneer from his regime, announced that he was, and had always been, a Marxist-Leninist, and that his revolution was a Communist revolution.

One immediate result of this belated admission of what most of us had thought to be, from the beginning, fairly obvious, was the summoning of a new O.A.S. conference in Punta del Este, less than two months after its sugar-daddy predecessor; and the aim of this gathering was candidly and unashamedly political. Mr. Dean Rusk, the U.S. Secretary of State, himself flew down to give the guidance and apply the pressure when needed. He succeeded in securing unanimity (with the hardly unexpected exception of Cuba herself) on several resolutions. Twenty member nations supported resolutions opposing " Communist penetration of this (i.e. the American) hemisphere," supporting the Alliance for Progress (which is the body intended to implement economic aid to the " good " nations), and excluding Cuba from the Inter-American Defence Board. President Kennedy, quite fairly, made as much of these results as he could, and pointed out that it was the first time the independent American States had with one voice declared that the concept of Marxism-Leninism is incompatible with the inter-American system.

But on the crucial resolution, that which demanded Cuba's exclusion from that same " inter-American system," the United States was not able to procure unanimity. Six nations—Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Ecuador and Mexico—abstained; and it was therefore only by a bare two-thirds majority (fourteen out of twenty-one) that the resolution was passed. Disappointment on the part of the United States could not be concealed. It was, of course, recognised that none of these countries is Communist or fellow-travelling, but the fact had to be faced that they are anti-North American, and have a marked preference for paddling their own canoes, without benefit of United States pilotage.

The United States' next step was to put a ban on almost all its own trade with Cuba, thus depriving Castro's regime of an annual income of some 35,000,000 American dollars. This sensible measure provoked a bitter yelp of protest from Castro, who like all Communists makes a habit of both exploiting and abusing non-Communists. It was certainly not insignificant that at the mass meeting in Havana to protest against the United States trade embargo a message was read from Mr. Khrushchev declaring Russia would help Cuba " thwart the plans of Yankee imperialists."

Inevitably Castro is already trying to offset his losses in U.S. trade by deals with the Soviet Union and its satellites. Would not the British Government be well advised, for once, to listen to United States advice, and refuse landing facilities to the Czech State Airline which is about to open a Prague-Havana service by way of Britain? There are grounds for believing this service might be used for carrying arms from the Russian Communist bloc to Cuba. The Americans may be foolishly appeasing over the Dutch-Indonesian quarrel; need we, in this other, and equally explosive, sphere of conflict, follow their example?



A bearded Hindu holy man sits in a trance during the days of continuous prayer held in New Delhi by 700 Indian holy men fearing the end of the world. Crowds attended the prayers and rites in many parts of India after it had been announced that, according to the Indian system of astrology, eight planets had conjoined in Capricorn and that this meant a " great calamity on earth " on February 5. Since the world did not end as feared, there were claims that the prayers of the holy men were successful. Other interpretations were that the conjunction in Capricorn meant not the end of the world but eight years of catastrophe, or that the end was coming but it would take some time to seep through. On this basis there is comfort since the last time the planets were in similar conjunction was in 1524

AVERTING THE END OF THE WORLD?

b

Men of the " B " Battery, 1st Regiment H.A.C. (R.H.A.), fire the salute at the Tower of London on the occasion of the 10th anniversary of the Queen's accession to the throne. The King's Troop, R.H.A., fired a salute in Hyde Park

H.M.S. *Whirlwind*, leader of the Second Frigate Squadron, has passed through Tower Bridge on her arrival in London. She was on a three-day visit to the capital

Right : On board the H.M.S. *Victory* at Portsmouth, Vice-Admiral Amman of the French Navy, Nato Commander of Brest Sub-Area (Channel), is shown the spot where Lord Nelson fell on the deck by Admiral Sir Alexander Bingley, Nato Commander-in-Chief, Channel

A London Newsletter

13-15, JOHN ADAM STREET, W.C.2.

"A GREAT GULF FIXED." If we are to retain a scintilla of optimism in 1962, we must also retain some faith in our Government and in the basic common sense of the Opposition and the unions. All are alike British institutions and owe their existence to the survival of Britain. We must, therefore, assume that our Government knows more than we do, that it has blue-printed an economic policy which, if obscured by indecision in recent months, is slowly being worked out. A policy that is based on decisions which, it believes, can carry the day, even if the Opposition and the T.U.C. refuse all co-operation, deny the existence of the danger of returning inflation or of the need at any time of a pause in salary-increases, and continue to put party and pay-packets before country. Equally, to retain our sanity, we must assume some measure of co-operation by these bodies. Otherwise, what hope remains to us? The " two sides," to judge by that vital debate on the pay pause, are separated by an illimitable gulf—the Government's " negative approach," or a return to unfettered arbitration which is wage inflation *ad lib*. Mr. Hare was made the Government's mouthpiece to announce, as a sweetener, that the pay pause " interim " policy would end on All Fools' Day. Thereafter, justified demands for wage increases could be met within a limit of 2½ per cent. But what if impartial arbitration tribunals, impartially examining the evidences, find it necessary to award 3, 4, 5 per cent.? Has the Government the courage, let alone the authority, to reject such findings, has it indeed the right to hope that impartial tribunals will subordinate the justice of statistical facts to the overriding wisdom of a Government which has yet to work out, explain and stand by, a workable wages policy? Months of hard work by the new Council must precede the publication of its proposals, much more time its acceptance. Meanwhile, All Fools' Day is only a few weeks ahead and the wage tribunals will be at work in May on their increase recommendations; and all those industries claiming the " status " of those already engaged in revolt will claim equal rises and use the same means to turn the screw. The charge of indecision laid against those at the top is surely justified, and the nation is justified in expecting throughout 1962 the dreary pattern of industrial relations now existing, unless by some miracle the gulf is narrowed.

THE POSTMAN KNOCKS TWICE. I was glad when the Post Office work-to-rule finished, for I value the day's delivery and have always regarded the postman as the most hard-working, honest, dependable and friendly servant of the State and I wish him his just deserts. My father, when he was turned ninety-two, once told me that every morning he hoped that his day's mail would include a letter telling him he had been left a fortune. The hope was never realised, but never died away. Myself, I never held such hopes, not

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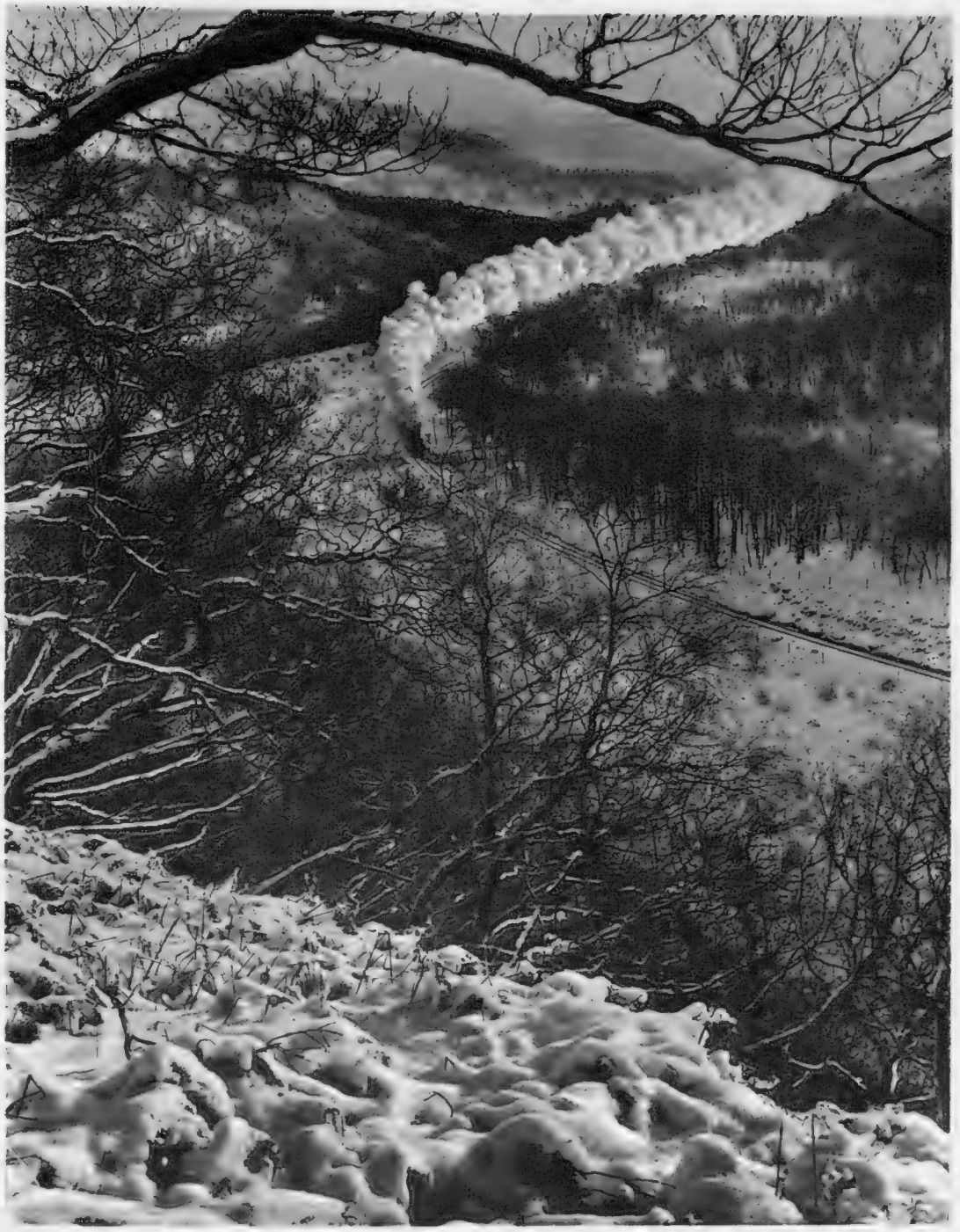
"Taffy IV," the white goat mascot of the 5th Battalion, the Welch Regiment, is seen marching past at London Zoo, after being presented to the Regiment by the Zoo



A long plume of smoke pours from the engine of the main line express to Oban, as it climbs through the Pass of Leny, in Perthshire, on the steep gradients through the Highlands. This line is likely to change to diesel engines in the near future as part of the national policy of abandoning the uneconomic steam trains

...en on the first days of the month when "Ernie" begins to turn in his sleep. But I always value the post and the postman, and I hated his being mixed up in what seems to me an unworthy form of protest, reminiscent of one's schoolroom revolts against the German governess in Victorian days, when the children pretended to be even slower at the uptake than they were, and Fraulein withheld the sweet biscuit break or the visit to the zoo. After all, working-to-rule is a device in all trades designed to teach beginners to be efficient. Rules don't apply to trained men. They are merely the preliminary and elementary stages in acquiring a basic style which, to achieve mastery in any art or trade or sport, must then be subordinated to individual genius. Imagine a finalist in the "open" on the first tee suddenly falling back on work-to-rule and puzzling to remember "which leg went after which" or an experienced writer suddenly worrying over the rightness of a comma or semi-colon. If either did so, all his fluidity would dry up; he would become a mere turf-hacker or hack journalist. No. I don't favour working-to-rule in any trade as a dignified form of protest. It is a puerile device and I am thankful that once again the postman knocks twice.

"ACCIDENTAL DEATH." The Coroner of Mid-Cheshire is not the only one who would like to see the Gun Licence Act of 1870 reviewed and revised. I doubt if there are many coroners who have not bitter experience of lethal weapons in inexperienced hands. A gun licence, it seems, can be taken out at any age. There is now tabled a private member's Bill which seeks to restrict possession and use of any *air* weapon to children over fourteen years of age. I shall be thankful to read that this Bill has become law, if it ever does. It is not the first attempt to avert a serious risk of accident. Shotguns in inexperienced hands—by no means confined to children—cause many deaths and serious accidents every year. There is no L-test for aspiring shooters, and cocked and loaded guns are still brought into living-rooms, and pulled through hedges. But nowadays the air-gun is so "improved" that it, too, ranks as a lethal weapon and it is "freely" used by little boys in every village who pot at anything that makes an attractive target at any angle, from the ducks on the pond or cows in a field to a telegraph wire-insulator or a notice board. For years and years we have "deplored" such unnecessary accidents and "written to the papers" about them. But the years pass and "the free society" is still allowed to enjoy its dangerous freedom. Truly the mills at the Home Office grind very slowly.

WHAT THE EAR DOES NOT HEAR.... Owing to a faulty valve (or some other trouble), I enjoyed a novel experience on my television set. While the viewing remained excellent, the voices and noises abruptly became silent and absent. This partial failure of a popular instrument is not altogether a misfortune. In documentaries, especially of wild-life or travels in remote countries, absence of the "whimsy" commentaries is a positive gain. The same can be said of the production of a play of Shakespeare or other classic which one knows by heart. The gabbling of the lines and the hideous incidental noises ruin the production for many of us, and when played in silence, it is a pleasure to recognise the lines which are being mimed. On the other hand, boxing without commentary, at any rate for the inexpert, is sad stuff. The viewer needs to be persuaded by the commentator's enthusiasm that the boxers are doing their best and exchanging clever punches and upper-cuts. Without that persuasion, the bouts look like shadow-boxing of the dreariest and most shameless sort, and the ring a device to draw fools into a circle. The most amusing experience with a voiceless TV set is to "view" the day's news; and really you don't miss much by not hearing it. For one thing, you know that it will all be *bad* news and that the bad news will concern matters which were topical in 1945 and still remain so; topical and unsolved problems. And, as a guessing game, you have aids to success. The picture flashes give you a hint of the items, the expression on the face of the announcer tells you whether the item being recorded is of serious or merely trivial disaster and you are all set for the final change to a whimsical expression to record a comedy wind-up before the weather report map indicates another depression. There's a lot to be said for a maimed TV set. What the ear does not hear these days is very unlikely to be regretted.

THE OLD STAGER

In Eddie's home in Brooklyn, Catherine (Carol Lawrence) dances with Rodolpho (Jean Sorel) watched by Eddie (Raf Vallone) and Marco (Raymond Pellegrin)

At the end of the tragedy

ENTERTAINMENT

A VIEW FROM THE BRIDGE

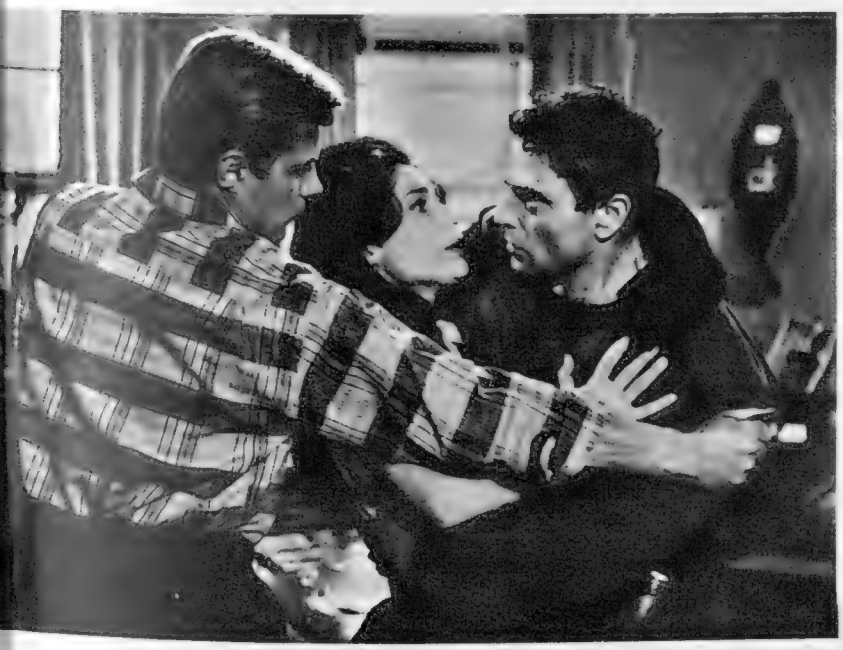
at the Plaza from Thursday, February 15

Arthur Miller's deeply felt and impressive attempt to translate the terms of Greek tragedy into the broken dialect of Italian immigrants working in the stevedore districts of Brooklyn has been brought to the screen, directed by Sidney Lumet and released by Paramount. Playing the central role of Eddie, the hard-working stevedore unknowingly in love with his niece, is Raf Vallone, the star of the long French run of the play. The story is built round the inevitability of Eddie's ruin, given this one basic premise. To his tenement flat, where he lives with his niece, Catherine, and his wife, Beatrice, come two of his wife's cousins, entering the U.S. illegally to find work. They are Marco and Rodolpho. Catherine and Rodolpho fall in love and Eddie tries every stumbling way he can to stop their friendship. In despair, he breaks the unwritten law of the waterfront and betrays the two illegal immigrants to the police. By his betrayal, he betrays himself. Humiliated, he finds the truth about himself too late. By all accounts finely acted by the whole cast and gaining especially from a monolithic and towering performance by Vallone, the film strikingly sets Arthur Miller's tragedy among the poverty, ignorance and grimness of its New York setting.

Left: Eddie Carbone walks through the empty, night-time streets of Brooklyn

Beatrice (Maureen Stapleton) and Catherine

Alfieri (Morris Carnovsky), the waterfront lawyer, walks sadly away through grey and grimy Brooklyn



Bitter enmity springs up over Catherine between Rodolpho (left) and Eddie. Marco (with the chair) comes to Rodolpho's defence, watched by Catherine and Rodolpho

THE VOICE OF THE COMMON

INDIA

The Commonwealth Education Conference—a practical link

At the second Commonwealth Education Conference held in New Delhi last month, attended by delegates from all Commonwealth countries, recommendations were made in a variety of topics, some of which derived from the original Oxford Conference of 1959. The Commonwealth Scholarship and Fellowship Plan instituted then was reviewed, approved and expanded. The training and supply of teachers and the teaching of English were also stressed as being of vital Commonwealth importance and various practical proposals were made. The establishment in London of a Commonwealth English Language Information Centre under the direction of the Commonwealth Education Liaison Committee was recommended to collect and disseminate information on this work.

In the field of technical training, India, Pakistan and Malaya offered places in their technical teacher-training colleges for students from other countries, and the teacher-training awards offered by Australia will include places in this field. Ceylon was prepared to establish training facilities for other countries should there be adequate support. A new two-year training scheme was announced by Britain. The present shortage of books and the need for social and rural education were also recognised as being of great importance.

The Conference agreed that the work of the Commonwealth Education Liaison Unit, which was established for the collection and dissemination of educational information at the Oxford Conference, had served a most useful purpose and should be continued.

The offer of the Canadian Government to act as the host for the next conference was accepted. This would probably be in the summer of 1964, in order to continue the momentum of educational co-operation achieved by the conference, which is recognised as being one of the most useful examples existing of a practical Commonwealth link.

Seventeen Indian cricketers ascend their Air-India Boeing airliner at London Airport. They were *en route* for the West Indies where they are to play a Test series. When the two teams last played, in 1958, the Indian side lost two and drew three matches

The items in "The Voice of the Commonwealth" are contributed and do not necessarily reflect the views of the Editor of "The Sphere"

Mr. Bijoyananda Patnaik, Chief Minister of the Indian State of Orissa greets villagers in the State during his tour of electioneering for the Congress Party. **Right:** Village women stand in front of the symbol of the Congress Party, two yoked bullocks. Orissa has more tribal people than any other state—20 per cent. of the population of 17,000,000. Also electioneering in Orissa was the Maharaja of Patna, one of Mr. Patnaik's opponents, who passed through the same villages. Polling in the Indian elections is from February 16 to 26. The results should be known before the end of the month

GHANA

Problems of legal education in Africa discussed at Legon

Chief justices, university professors and lawyers from more than thirty African countries, America and Europe, at a conference at Legon, near Accra, to discuss the problems of legal education in Africa, noted that there was an urgent need in Africa for supplying and maintaining a minimum number of persons with legal education necessary for a strong bar, bench and government. The conference recommended that a permanent advisory legal and research council should be set up at an early date to hold regular conferences and provide a permanent means of establishing contact between jurists from all African states, especially between French- and English-speaking jurists.

Osagyefo Dr. Nkrumah, President of the Republic of Ghana, who declared the conference open, said that law, to be effective, must represent the will of the people and be so designed and administered as to forward the social purpose of the state. In Ghana it was believed that it was only by socialist planning that the country could be industrialised and transformed. The lawyers, therefore, if they were to understand the spirit of the country's laws, must understand the basic principles upon which the state was directed. The teaching of law was totally incomplete if it was not accompanied by a background of economic, social and political science, technology and, especially, African customary law.

"African law in Africa," said the President, "was declared foreign law for the convenience of colonial administration, which found the administration of justice cumbersome by reason of the vast variations in local and tribal custom. African law had to be proved in court by experts. But no law can be foreign to its own land and country, and African lawyers, particularly in the independent African states, must quickly find a way to reverse this juridical travesty.

"The law must fight its way forward in the general reconstruction of African action and thought and help to remould the generally-distorted African picture in all other fields of life. This is not an easy task, for African lawyers will have to do effective research into the basic concepts of African law, clothe such concepts with living reality and give the African a legal standard upon which African legal history in its various compartments could be hopefully built up. Law does not operate in a vacuum. Its importance must be related to the overall importance of the people—that is to say, the state."

The President announced that he had proposed to the United Kingdom Government that there should be some more organised method for the giving of legal technical aid and for the making known of the law reform taking place in various parts of the Commonwealth. He had recently received a letter from the U.K. Prime Minister welcoming the idea, offering assistance and making a number of positive suggestions. The President thanked Mr. Macmillan and the United Kingdom Government for their interest and assistance in the proposal, which seemed to him an admirable example of the way in which Commonwealth countries could co-operate.

Dr. Nkrumah said that in reforming the country's laws technical assistance had been sought from Commonwealth countries, the Irish Republic and the United States of America. Such outside help was valuable, provided, of course, that the basic principle—that all Ghana's laws must be designed to meet the needs and aspirations of the people—was never forgotten.

WEALTH

BOOK REVIEW

Lord Rosebery had a word for it

An essential reference book for all those concerned with Commonwealth matters is the COMMONWEALTH RELATIONS OFFICE LIST (Her Majesty's Stationery Office, £2). This is the eleventh edition of a regular handbook compiled under the authority of the CRO. The principal purpose of the book is to give information about the twelve overseas members of the Commonwealth and about the Federation of Northern and Southern Rhodesia and Nyasaland, and the Maldive Islands, which are also its responsibility. The 1962 edition contains an outline of the history and growth of each of these countries, with details of their Governments, Government offices and diplomatic representatives. It also contains a list of the present staff of the CRO, and an historical list of past secretaries of state, ministers, high commissioners and ambassadors.

The book illustrates how the idea of the Commonwealth grew and how its organisations mushroomed after the original use of the word by Lord Rosebery in a speech at Adelaide in 1884, in which he referred to the "British Commonwealth of Nations." There is a short section showing how the CRO grew out of the Dominions Office, itself an offshoot of the Colonial Office, and how its activities have expanded. Also included are accounts of the important conferences of Commonwealth Prime Ministers in 1960 and 1961, and sections on topics such as the arms of Sierra Leone, the Royal Tour of India and Pakistan and the Commonwealth Technical Training Week. Much useful information is contained in the section on the various organisations and societies which give substance to the Commonwealth idea, from the Women's Migration and Oversea Appointments Society and the Empire Forestry Association to such well-known stalwarts as the Commonwealth Parliamentary Association and the British Council. For those doubtful as to what the Commonwealth means and is doing, this workaday reference book provides a comprehensive and useful answer.

Three New Zealanders who fought in the First World War with the original New Zealand forces at New Zealand Day celebrations in London. From left are Mr. Milner of Christchurch, Mr. de Maus of Christchurch, Mrs. Milner and Mr. Ferguson of Coromandel. **Below:** Mr. R. S. S. Gunewardene, Ceylon's High Commissioner in Britain, and his wife enjoy a joke with Field-Marshal Lord Slim and Lady Slim at the reception given in London this month to celebrate Ceylon's Independence Day

Sir Robert Stapledon, Governor of the Bahamas, comes ashore after inspecting H.M.S. *Troubridge*, which was on an official visit to Nassau. H.M.S. *Troubridge* was in the news last year when she helped to bring relief to the hurricane-stricken colony of British Honduras

Delegates and observers listen to the speech of Dr. Nkrumah on the opening day of the conference on the problems of legal education in Africa held near Accra, Ghana's capital

BOOK REVIEW

The Commonwealth analysed by a former Secretary of State

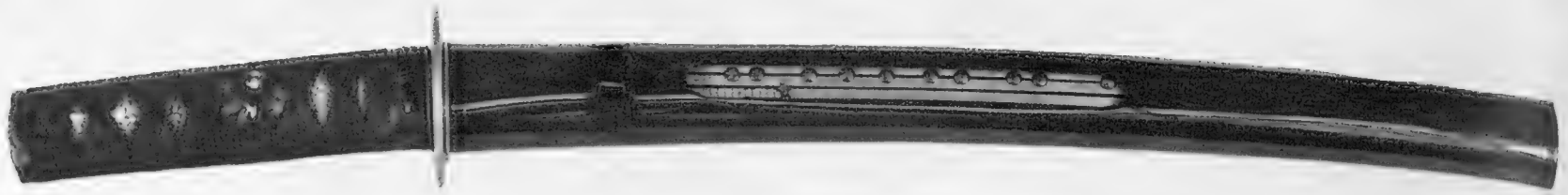
Patrick Gordon Walker, P.C., M.P., was Secretary of State for Commonwealth Relations from 1950 to 1951. For the three previous years he had been Parliamentary Under-Secretary in the same office. Before the war he had spent nine years as History Tutor at Christ Church, Oxford. The combination of practical experience in high political office and sense of historical values is abundantly displayed in his new book, THE COMMONWEALTH (Secker and Warburg. 36s.). This is certain to be one of the standard books on the subject for many years to come and as such prescribed reading for all those who want to understand what the Commonwealth is and how it works.

"There could have been no Commonwealth," writes Mr. Gordon Walker, "had there not been a British Empire. Equally there could have been no Commonwealth but for the negation, withdrawal and transformation of British imperialism." The first part of the book demonstrates the truth of this by studying the histories of the individual Commonwealth countries from Canada, "which led the way and set the pattern," and the other original Commonwealth members to the Asian, African and West Indian components. Having considered them separately, the next stage is to survey the history of the Commonwealth as a whole and examine the great changes which have taken place in the past sixty years.

An example is the development from the old idea of an Imperial policy directed exclusively by Britain to the national and independent foreign policies now followed by each Commonwealth member. Another is the alteration in the pattern of migration between Commonwealth peoples. A hundred years ago Britons emigrated in large numbers from their own country. Today Britain receives immigrants from elsewhere in the Commonwealth. The outstanding change has been the acceptance of Republics in the Commonwealth with the formula, devised in the first instance for India, under which the Monarch of Britain in person rather than the conception of the Crown is accepted as the symbol of the head and binding link of Commonwealth association. In this context the author relates the various meanings which have been given over the years to the term "Commonwealth," and fascinating they are.

Parts three and four of Mr. Gordon Walker's *The Commonwealth* deal with what he calls "Cohesion of the Commonwealth" and "The Commonwealth in action." These are the sections which relate to the Commonwealth in its practical functions and how it is a constructive and creative force in relation to the rest of the world.

Finally the reader is evinced a look into the future. The idea of an "expanding Commonwealth" in which foreign (as opposed to Commonwealth) peoples could be members is dismissed as unrealistic. Membership, says Mr. Gordon Walker, must be exclusive to those growing into a mesh of links they themselves have shaped and transformed. Mr. Gordon Walker envisages the Commonwealth completing its fulfilment "when it becomes in truth and without inhibition an Euro-Afro-Asian Commonwealth"



A watch in the form of a sword and scabbard. The face is in the oval-shaped, open section

OLD JAPANESE CLOCKS

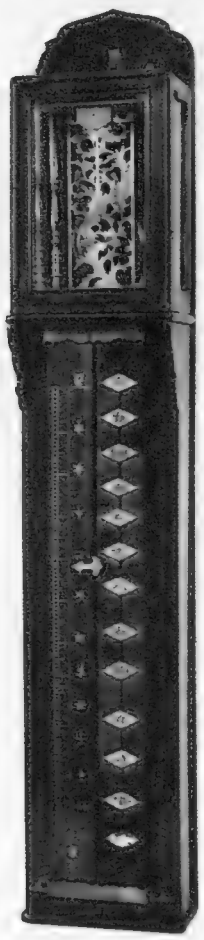
Some examples from the Ilbert Collection in the British Museum

By **JOHN STEEL** *with photographs by* **A. F. KERSTING**

Three years ago the world-famous clocks which formed part of the Ilbert Collection were saved for the nation through the generosity of an anonymous benefactor who realised what an irreparable loss it would be if they passed into other hands abroad or were dispersed into several smaller collections. Interest in the collection has increased considerably since the announcement by the Lord Mayor of London, at the Clockmakers' dinner last summer, that the donor was Mr. Gilbert S. Edgar, C.B.E., who is a clockmaker and a leading authority on horology. He presented the clocks to the British Museum. At the time Mr. Edgar made his splendid gift, the Museum already owned a fine series of individual clocks and watches, some of which were of outstanding importance. With the addition of the Ilbert Collection, the present exhibits are unsurpassed either for quality or for a record of every phase of horology. This is especially true of the rare clocks from Japan.

One problem constantly besets the Museum authorities, and that is the question of space. There is a serious shortage of galleries where important collections can be properly displayed, and war damage has still not been completely repaired. So much importance, however, is attached to the Ilbert Collection that the exhibition of clocks and watches in the Edward VII gallery has now been completely rearranged and practically all the outstanding clocks in the Ilbert Collection are shown to the best possible advantage. They also bear excellent descriptive labels which explain their mechanism in terms that any layman can understand. The simplicity of the text is a tribute to Mr. P. E. Lasko, Assistant Keeper of the British and Medieval Antiquities Department at the British Museum, and Mr. P. G. Coole, the Curator of the clocks.

On exhibition for the first time are some remarkable Japanese clocks which formerly belonged to the J. Drummond Robertson Collection before they were acquired by the late Mr. Courtenay Ilbert. Beautifully made, and of extreme interest to all students of



Left: A pillar clock on which time is indicated on two separate scales. The scale on the left is fixed. That on the right is movable. The pointer between them is attached to the weight. At the top of the clock is the pendulum and a plate carved in the shape of a tree

An alarm clock with a decorated bell and case. The holes in the face are for the peg which sets the alarm. **Right:** A clock watch in the form of a medicine chest. The hand is fixed and the dial rotates. The wooden block on the end of the cord serves as a button to prevent the watch slipping through its wearer's sash

A gravity clock which strikes the hours and half-hours. The clock descends the rack in a day and is lifted to be rewound. The striking mechanism is wound by a key

horology, they form one of the finest exhibitions of Japanese clocks in existence.

After the revolution in Japan of 1867 which ended the Civil Rule of the Tokugawa Shogunate family, one of whose members had taken over the Regency at the beginning of the eighteenth century, Japan came under Western influence and civilisation. The year 1868 saw the Imperial Restoration and on January 1, 1873, European time-keeping and the calendar were introduced. As the ancient and highly complex method of time-keeping, which had existed in Japan since the sixteenth century, was abandoned, all existing clocks and timepieces immediately became useless and soon found their way into the hands of eager curio-dealers who quickly sold them to European and American collectors. Japan to a great extent was, and, indeed, still is, denuded of countless artistic clocks and watches.

A brass clock which has on top of it double foliots, that is small weights which are set in position on a scale to compensate for the difference in length of day and night hours. The wooden stand is carved with trees and clouds

In order to understand Japanese horology prior to 1873, it is necessary to study the measurement of time during the Tokugawa period. It was of Chinese origin and had two "hour" systems. One was the equinoctial (the original Chinese astronomical hour system), used by Japanese astronomers. The other was the temporal hour system, used in Japanese clocks prevalent among the Japanese people during the Tokugawa period. The temporal hour system consisted of six equal divisions. Each period from dusk to dawn and from dawn to dusk was divided into six equal parts but, naturally, the length of each period varied with the seasons, the duration of the divisions being longer or shorter according to the time of the year. The Japanese adjusted their clocks, by means of weights on a graduated scale, every fortnight, twenty-four times a year. A Japanese "hour" did not, therefore, mean a period of sixty minutes but a period of constantly varying length. By adjusting the weights the rate of the clock's movement could be quickened or slowed as was required.

They also counted the hours backwards. The highest number, 9, indicated noon and midnight, and the progression of the "hour" was represented by the numerals 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, six numerals being required for each of the two periods of the day. Each hour had a name —9, corresponding to the equinoctial hour 11-1 at night, was the Rat hour, whereas 9 in the midday period was called the Horse hour; 7, during the time between 4 and 6 a.m., was known as the Tiger hour, and in the afternoon, 7 was known as the Ape hour. The other hours from dusk to dawn and dawn to dusk bore such names as Dragon, Bull, Hare, Boar, Serpent and Cock, but the names were, of course, changed for the two different periods of the day. The numerals 1 to 3 were never used as they were sacred and reserved for religious purposes only.

It is generally believed that all Japanese clocks of the Tokugawa regime were entirely made by hand, that is, by a master clockmaker working with files and other simple tools. Even at that period the Japanese must have been quick to learn how to make a completely accurate copy of anything that entered Japan from Europe. In earlier times, the first European clock imported into Japan by Francisco Xavier in 1551 must have been of exceptional interest to them. This clock was a gift to the Governor of Yamaguchi, in Suwa, from the Portuguese Viceroy of India, who hoped to gain permission for the Jesuits to teach the Christian religion. It was possibly a small, striking lantern clock with a verge escapement, weight driven, and a model that was then very popular in Europe. Certainly there were some skilled clockmakers among the Jesuit Fathers who taught their art to Japanese blacksmiths.

(*Continued overleaf*)

A spring-driven musical bracket clock with triple calendar and two hands rotating over a compound dial with lunar indications. It is in a glazed wooden case

A gilt-metal table clock with a horizontal dial on a wooden base. The glass cover was part of its original features

OLD JAPANESE CLOCKS

(*Continued from previous page*)

Watches were, of course, never worn by the aristocracy or upper classes, but only by medical doctors or higher servants whose duties necessitated their being in constant attendance on their masters. As Japanese houses have always been famed for their simplicity and total lack of internal ornamentation, or, indeed, any display of wealth, it was also considered extremely ostentatious to have any clocks in one's home except, perhaps, a small pillar clock which took up little space and fitted inconspicuously into a room.

Ten Japanese clocks and watches specially chosen for their exquisite workmanship are now on view in the Edward VII Gallery in the British Museum. A further sixty, some of which will be exhibited when more space becomes available, are housed in the reserve collection which can be seen on application to the Museum. Those now on exhibition range from a sword watch to alarm clocks, clocks with calendars and a delightful little watch. They form a fascinating series of exhibits and stand comparison with any of the leading collections in Japan.

The oldest clock now existent in Japan was presented by Joao Rodriguez, deputy Bishop of the Japanese Jesuit district, to Iyeyasu, founder of the Tokugawa Shogunate, at his palace in Shizuoka in 1612. It is preserved in the Toshugu shrine in Shizuoka. Manufactured in Madrid by Hans de Val, in 1581, it stands 8 ins. high and is compactly made in brass. All the more outstanding Japanese clocks in the Ilbert Collection show clearly in their beautiful craftsmanship the marked influence this clock must have had on leading Japanese clockmakers who saw it.

A wall or lantern alarm clock in a red lacquered case decorated with a dragon and a traveller with pack horse. **Left:** Hour scales for the various seasons are plotted on this intricate pillar clock. The leaf at the base of the graph is moved to correspond with the seasons

BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

A MEMORY OF COLD WEATHER

According to tradition St. Valentine's Day is the date on which the birds mate. And birds, as is well known, begin to mate in the spring. Now, three days past St. Valentine, it may well seem to be a little late to be reading about our winter weather. I am, of course, writing somewhat in advance of publication, but even so I do not think that I should be writing about our winter weather were it not that I have just been re-reading Swift's *Journal to Stella.*

Sometime around Christmas (I cannot remember the actual date) it was announced on the radio that this was the coldest Christmas within living memory, or since records began, or words to that effect. Anyway, it was jolly cold. There was an exceptionally hard frost just before Christmas. Even the stream at the bottom of my garden, usually a rushing torrent at this time of year, froze over and small boys tried to ride bicycles along it. Though there was no white Christmas here, the skies were heavy with the promise of snow. It became a little milder for a day or two, and then came the snow combined with a very heavy frost. One day in the after-Christmas spell the temperature fell to 2 deg. Fah. at ground level on a farm in north Hampshire and on the same day to 6 deg. Fah. on my own thermometer also set at ground level, considerably colder than the official figures published for other parts of England for that day.

Living memory I suspect to be a pretty elastic and easily influenced thing. No doubt there have been just as cold Christmases before records were started and beyond the memory of anyone living today, but the only comparable one that I have been able to find (and that by chance) is recorded by Swift in his *Journal* for the year 1712. The "cruell hard frosty weather" in that year began just before Christmas and continued until January 5. Swift's entry for that day reads: "Our Frost is broke, but it is bloody cold." Our frost lasted a week longer. It did not break until January 12. And on that day, too, Swift's words would have been most applicable.

What secrets harsh weather reveals! We had heavy snow on January 7, the day, be it remembered to our shame, that Waterloo Station closed down for some hours. No vehicles were able to get up or down the hill at the foot of which my cottage stands; in any case, I could not have got my car out of the garage. I had to walk to the station and did so by taking the path through the wood behind the cottage. There, in the snow, were the tracks of a badger. Foxes are an everyday occurrence around here (they may sometimes be seen in the garden in daylight) but none of the country folk had any idea that there was a badger in the vicinity. But for the snow we should, I suspect, still have no idea. The snow gave him away, and, following his tracks, his sett also. I think that there may be many badgers living in fairly built-up areas of whose presence the householders are wholly unaware.

After the thaw, a short and sudden thaw, the frost. I remember well just such another frost in 1940: but that was at the beginning of February, which is a more normal time of year for sharp frost. I do not know how the temperatures of the two compare but the magic was just the same with ice everywhere and nothing left untouched. The grasses became rods of silver, the gaunt stems of dead giant hemlock tall silver chalices, an old piece of wire-netting the hair-net for a goddess. Every twig, every scrap of litter, each telephone wire, every signpost was transformed into the gorgeous jewels of a royal regalia, the regalia of a fairy queen. Every leaf was tasselled, every berry enriched. The washing line outside the cottage became a rope of pearls, the old tiles of the cottage a roof of silver and above it the crowns of the Scots firs stood out as rounded clouds of misty white against the purest of blue skies. The old stone bridge over the stream bore icicles of astonishing length and thickness, and in the cruel black ice at the water's edge the reeds stood forth as glittering spears.

With the lanes clothed in ice and no traffic, it was a fantastic world, a world wrapped in such utter silence that the movement of a bough was as the crack of a pistol shot. The rooks, finding even the treetops untenable, came down into the garden and drove smaller birds from the breadcrumbs. There was a lapwing, of which the small birds took no notice at all, and, wonder of wonders, a jay. Normally the shyest of birds, it actually alighted on the bird-table, within a few feet of the house. A fantastic world: a world, I thought, determined to show that it could be every whit as unreal as the world of men was trying to make it. Yet while men in their greed destroy beauty, nature could not but produce beauty even at her most cruel. Make no mistake, such a frost is cruel indeed; many a small living creature must have perished in the cold.

Then the world returned to normal, just like that, with another wave of the magician's wand. Already it is all forgotten. No one could say that the weather has been balmy, and we may yet experience frosts and snow and gales, but spring advances normally. In the woods the hazels have hung out their new green dresses to dry in the sun and the wind, and the aconites are showing. These things and the strengthening light in the changing sky, no matter what the weather, tell of the year's progress. But just as sure a sign is the song of the birds. The thrushes, obviously, have no doubt that spring is just around the corner; the sparrows are already exploring nooks and crannies in the cottage and beginning to pick up twigs and strands of hair. The winter flocks of finches are still together, flitting along the hedgerows before one, but already in what is still a sexless army one can detect a tendency towards pairing. I do not mean mating, but just that two individuals tend to seek out each other's company within the flock. For all I know no birds actually mate on St. Valentine's Day. But in this, as in so many other things, tradition is no bad guide.

The Vale of White Horse (Cricklade) Hunt meets in the main street of the Gloucestershire village of East-Leach in the Cotswolds. John Keble, of Oxford Movement fame, was once the curate of the twin churches of East-Leach

TRAVEL

HAPPY DENMARK

By **GORDON COOPER**

" Wonderful Copenhagen " is more than the mere title of a popular song hit. For the Danish capital is truly wonderful. This whole country of 4,000,000 gay and hard-working people merits the adjective. I would say with confidence that no Briton who goes there for a holiday will return home dissatisfied.

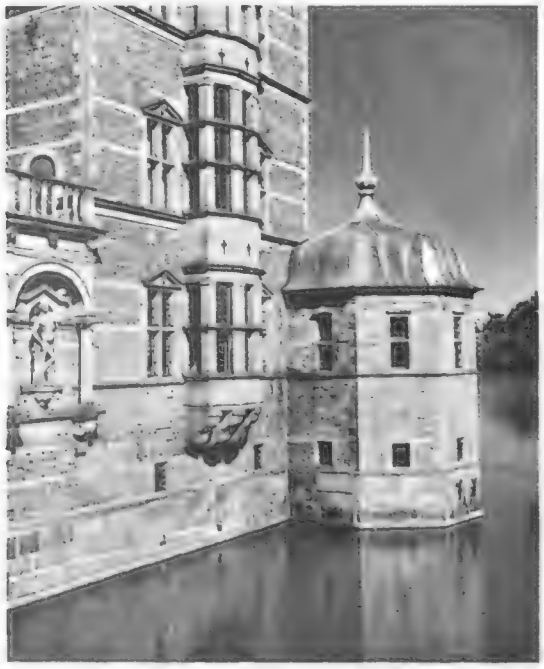
Visitors are guaranteed never to have a dull moment from May to September. The season begins on May 1, when the Tivoli Gardens open, world-famous for their rich variety of entertainments ranging from daily concerts, pantomime and ballet shows to all sorts of fun-fair entertainments. A special attraction is the boys' guard, whose uniformed youngsters carry through so snappy and impressive a parade that it is equal in efficiency to much older and more seasoned troops. Many attempts have been made elsewhere to copy the individuality of this Mother of all Tivolis, but there is something about this century-old amusement park which defies competition.

Copenhagen is the sort of place tourists fall in love with at first sight. Its broad avenues and tree-lined boulevards, drives through magnificent parks, fine restaurants and pavement cafés and the gaiety of the inhabitants all contrive to charm the visitor. There are hotels to suit all purses (but prior booking is essential); and the local tourist office run an excellent scheme the " Personal Information Service " by which you can make personal contacts with Danes having similar tastes to your own. Should you wish to visit typical Danish institutions, whose standards are often as high as any in the world, such as schools, old people's homes, co-operative creameries, etc.—the Service will attend to your wants. In fact, there is hardly anything concerning Denmark about which they are not conversant.

The sights of this city of 1,000,000 Danes are so varied and interesting that a whole week can easily be pleasantly occupied, while, in addition, various attractive excursions are available. But, above all, be sure to get to know a Danish family, whose hospitality will almost overwhelm you. As nearly everyone speaks good English there are no language difficulties.

Although Copenhagen shelters almost a third of all the Danes in Denmark, it is by no means all Denmark. You will find many interesting sights on the other Danish islands

Rush hour in Copenhagen, on the Langebro (the long bridge). Ar



Scenes of Denmark—Frederiksborg Castle. **Right:** The Tivoli Gardens in Copenhagen. **Below:** Ribe Cathedral, in Jutland. **Below right:** The castle of Kronborg at Elsinore

and on Jutland, the Danish territory attached to the European continent.

Elsinore, Frederiksborg and the famous Roskilde Cathedral, burial church of Denmark's kings of the last thousand years, are all on the island of Zealand, within easy reach of Copenhagen. The historically curious Scot may even wish to travel somewhat farther afield to Dragsholm, where in an ancient manor house the Earl of Bothwell was imprisoned as an exile after the murder of the Earl of Darnley, husband of Mary Queen of Scots. He lies buried in a coffin with a glass lid at nearby Faarevejle Church.

On the island of Funen there is Odense, well worth a visit. There you can visit the birth-place of Hans Christian Andersen, whose home, with all his furniture, is still preserved intact. Elsewhere on this island are several of Denmark's most characteristic and beautiful manor houses, all within easy reach of Odense. For a holiday by the sea there is Faaborg, a delightful little town beautifully situated overlooking the sea, and with eighteenth-century buildings. If you stay at Rasmussen's Hotel you will be made most comfortable, and for anyone wishing to browse in a typical Danish environment, this little town is hard to beat. Artists and photographers will especially enjoy this spot, while there is an outstanding museum of paintings and sculpture—the finest collection outside Copenhagen.

Jutland, the mainland, is also of considerable holiday appeal. Fanø, within easy reach of the port of Esbjerg, is ideal for a family holiday, for it has a superb bathing beach, although it is only fair to state that the weather

...can be seen many Danes use bicycles. It is estimated that over half the country's 4,000,000 inhabitants have bicycles

can be fickle. Not far distant is the quaint little town of Ribe, where there is an intrinsic loveliness in every step you take along its narrow old streets, lined with ancient houses. The star sight of this town is its famous cathedral, dating back to the twelfth century. At that time Ribe was a flourishing seaport, but today it lies inland some miles. Unfortunately, the storks for which the town was once famous are now in danger of completely vanishing, a phenomenon which has occurred elsewhere in Europe, notably Alsace.

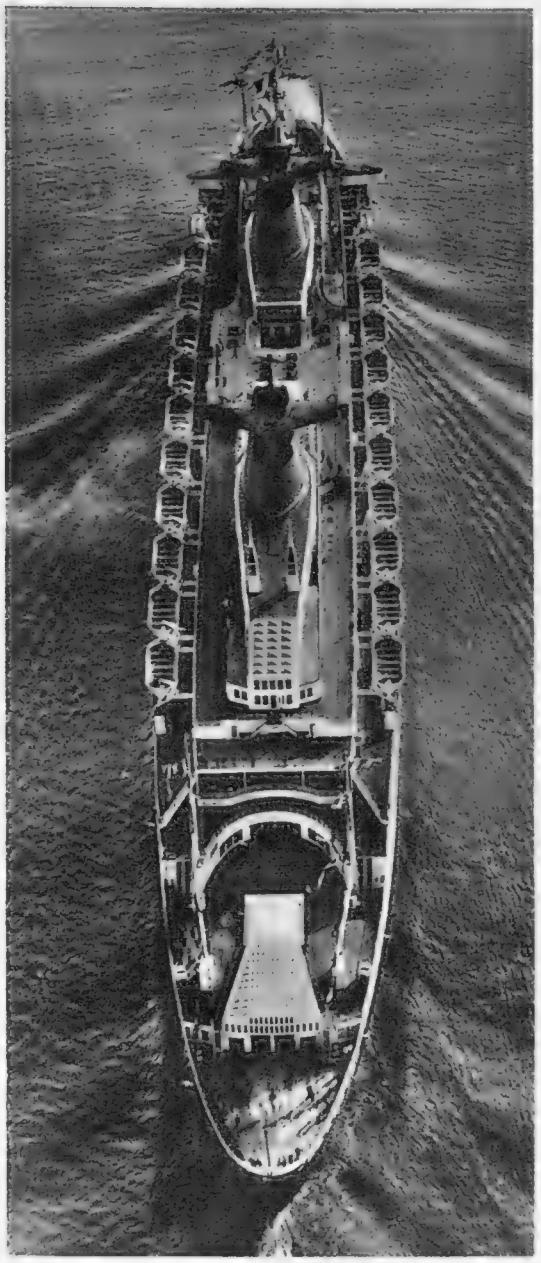
Aarhus, the metropolis of Jutland, is another place well worth seeing. The city hall and the university are magnificent exhibitions of modern Scandinavian architecture, furniture, and interior decoration, while adjoining the university is a lovely park which is of considerable appeal to nature-lovers and botanists. For a look of the old, one must repair to the Old Town (*Den Gamle By*), one of the finest outdoor museums in Scandinavia. Here you see a settlment of old houses from all parts of Denmark set up and furnished in period style. There is an old market-place, surrounded by harmonious buildings which are genuine and not synthetic reproductions. I was there once on Midsummer's Eve when a saucepan of rice pudding was placed on the roof in hopes that the *nisser* (goblins) would eat it, although, in fact, it turned out to be the neighbouring cats. Witches, too, were once burned on this night and their souls dispatched to Bloksbjerg, a sort of hell on earth which exists in the Harz Mountains. The Harz is still the legendary home of all witches.

From Aarhus an interesting excursion is to Ebeltoft, by way of the heather-covered Mols Hills, which are a blaze of colour in the summer, and are dotted with Viking "barrows." Ebeltoft is a perfect gem of a "toy town" with its half-timbered houses and old cobbled streets. This corner of Denmark, incidentally, is the butt of many jokes about its simple country folk; and every visitor should purchase there an amusing little book called *Old Stories from Mols*.

A final digression, which indicates the sense of Danish humour. During the war the Germans put up a waist-high concrete wall to protect their sentries from snipers of the Danish underground. The Danes couldn't knock down the barrier by force, but the next morning the top half of the German sentries could be seen parading behind the wall on which had been lettered, "He hasn't any pants." Andersen would have loved that.

UNION-CASTLE CRUISING

In the Travel Section of January 6 I stated that the Union-Castle were offering two autumn cruises on the *Braemar Castle*. This is incorrect. In fact, there is only one cruise by this fine ship—a fifteen-day voyage to the Mediterranean from May 19-June 3. Also to be noted are the sailings to Madeira and Las Palmas, including, on occasion, travel by this line's new "hotel ship," *Transvaal Castle*. There are holiday tours to South Africa at reduced return fares during March, April, May and June. Another facility offered by the Union-Castle is the transport of you and your car to Gibraltar or Genoa. This provides an opportunity for enjoying four to seven days at sea. For details, apply to your travel agent.



The French Line's luxury liner *France* at sea. She arrived in New York on her maiden voyage last week

The Union-Castle's *Transvaal Castle* leaves Cape Town, with Table Mountain behind during her maiden voyage

BOOKS

TALKING WITH DOLPHINS?

Dr. Lilly's report on the habits and intelligence of dolphins; Stanley Price's novel leads this week's fiction

The book of the week by any odds, and in direct competition with fiction or fantasy, is Dr. J. C. Lilly's extraordinary report on the habits and, above all, the intelligence of dolphins. MAN AND DOLPHIN (Gollancz. 30s.) will have an instant appeal to all those people who enjoy the antics and the behaviour of these gay, harmless and intelligent creatures. It should also convert thousands who have never met a dolphin face to face to a life-long interest in the species. Dr. Lilly's thesis is that within the next decade or two the human species will establish communication with another species: non-human, alien, extra-territorial, more probably marine; but definitely highly intelligent, perhaps even intellectual. In a word, dolphins. His own experiments in the past years have been towards establishing that communication between man and animal, and he chose dolphins as having bodies not much bigger than the human body and brains of the same size as a human or even greater. Films have accustomed us to seeing dolphins leap high out of a pool to catch food and have shown them half out of the water, erect, and propelling themselves rapidly backwards. Now we have more than sixty photographs of dolphins responding to human companionship and a scientific but really exciting text describing Dr. Lilly's experiences of direct communication with them, their friendliness, their sense of fun and most importantly, their high grade of intelligence. A wonderful book that makes one envy Dr. Lilly his dolphin friends.

Decidedly one of the brightest of the novels in this list is Mr. Stanley Price's A WORLD OF DIFFERENCE (Michael Joseph. 16s.), which recounts the adventures of a young Englishman trying to earn his living in New York. His assets are a Cambridge degree, a native intelligence and a reasonable capacity for making friends. He is also susceptible, more than a little fond of beer and almost entirely devoid of ambition except in occasional daydreams. After one or two poorly-paid and depressing jobs he finds himself, to his surprise, caught up into a bizarre group of theatrical impresarios, alcoholic southern playwrights, call-girls and temperamental backers. That he emerges with a pretty English girl, a return ticket to England and a new opinion of fellow expatriates is all part of the fun in a boisterously amusing book.

A PLACE IN THE SUN (Hutchinson. 18s.) is Mr. Stephen McKenna's latest novel and that in itself is quite an event since Mr. McKenna's writing career started just fifty years ago and has included such best-sellers of their times as *Sonia* and *An Affair of Honour*. His new book is the love-story of a very pretty woman, cultured and highly articulate, but also mercenary. Camilla has been married, has had lovers, notably one very rich one, and has left him to avoid unsavoury publicity. Seeking new interests, she agrees to become a kind of glorified secretary, housekeeper and literary adviser to an elderly gentleman who lives in a remote and beautiful country house. It is love at first sight for him and, more improbably, for her, too. The result is tragic in all but the financial sense and Camilla takes first place in the list of thoroughly unlikeable heroines.

H.M.S. PINAFORE—in a scene from the Gilbert and Sullivan's opera at Her Majesty's Theatre are Josephine (Marion Studholme) and Sir Joseph Porter (Eric House)

Mr. Gwyn Williams has written his first novel with THIS WAY TO LETHE (Faber. 16s.), a memorable book if only for the author's descriptions of Libya and Cyrenaica, countries which he knows well himself and whose beauty and desolation he conveys marvellously to the reader. With two exceptions his characters are, intentionally, a cheap bunch and a brief desert idyll is enhanced by its very contrast to their worldliness.

THE WAKEFUL GUEST (Hodder and Stoughton. 16s.) is a frankly romantic tale of a shy English girl visiting her rich godmother in Bavaria and acquiring a dress sense, a love affair and beautiful surroundings in addition to her admirable social conscience and her extreme vulnerability. Miss Ruby Ferguson has the secret of luring the reader on from page to page and of making them accept Cinderella-like improbabilities.

Miss Jane Duncan, by the same token, positively convinces the reader that the most eccentric happenings on a volcanic Caribbean island are everyday affairs and her new novel in the series of "My Friends" books is as amusing as it is high-spirited. MY FRIEND MARTHA'S AUNT (Macmillan. 16s.) retails the events in this island paradise when the said aunt comes for a holiday visit and proves that it is not only volcanoes which erupt. Written with Miss Duncan's habitual verve and often quite hilarious. It makes one understand the old phrase about "a real tonic."

DISASTER AT SUEZ

Erskine Childer's analysis of the ill-starred venture

Erskine B. Childers, grandson of that Erskine Childers who intrigued his own day and age with *The Riddle of the Sands*, has made an attempt to solve another riddle in THE ROAD TO SUEZ (Macgibbon and Kee. 30s.). What really did happen in those fateful days in 1956? *The Road to Suez* goes deeply into the history of Western and Arab relations, showing that this clash was in a sense inevitable, having regard to past history. We are asked to see that for Eden it was a very personal challenge. We may never know all the answers to this recent political tragedy; but at least Mr. Childers has shed an extraordinarily vivid light upon it.

The Kennedy clan has a remarkable position in American public life, a little akin to that of dashing Teddy Roosevelt and his circle at the start of the century; but perhaps even more diverse, with interests spreading from the entertainment world and the high-pressure world of business to high-level politics. Multi-millionaire Joseph Patrick Kennedy is the patriarch of the Kennedy dynasty; his son John is in the White House, his son Robert is Attorney-General with a seat in the United States Cabinet, and there are the glittering in-laws, the Shrivers and the Lawfords. With naïve enthusiasm Joe McCarthy presents this lively and talented family for our approval. THE REMARKABLE KENNEDYS (Gollancz. 21s.) is, indeed, one long sustained eulogy, even glossing over papa Kennedy's career as U.S. Ambassador to the Court of St. James's at the start of World War II, when he gave very little for Britain's chances and did not hesitate to say so. The author chooses for the opening scene in his book that great moment at the family demesne at Hyannis Port in Cape Cod when the news comes through that Kennedy has beaten Richard Nixon by a whisker. From that day on, says Mr. McCarthy, the Kennedy family could never be quite the same. "Jack Kennedy belongs to the country; and there isn't much that a family can do for the President of the United States."

Like his contemporary Scott Fitzgerald, the composer George Gershwin in many ways symbolised the restless spirit of the '20's. He had the gifts of youth and the prodigality of youth. In many ways perhaps he was wasteful of his talents, for his was a breathtaking facility of invention. When he died at the age of thirty-eight he had a secure place in the history of popular music and in the hearts of the American people. Robert Payne has written a most moving biography of GERSHWIN (Robert Hale. 16s.), at once sensitive to his faults and to the enormous emotional vitality of this born-and-bred New Yorker who captivated an age.

Taking the line that the journey is just as rewarding as the goal, the "Highways to the Sun" series of travel books, published by Eyre and Spottiswoode at 21s., is likely to prove particularly attractive to those who go on holiday with their cars. THE ROAD TO LISBON is by Vivian Rowe who, starting at Cherbourg, takes us driving south through the little towns of Normandy, heading for the rich brown lands of the Vendes, and so on past Bordeaux to Spain and Portugal. Christopher Dilke makes his starting-point Ostend in THE ROAD TO DALMATIA, and before very long we are bowling merrily along the roads of Belgium heading for the Moselle and Tirol, before finally coming to that magnificent stretch of Adriatic coast centring round Split and Dubrovnik. FESTIVALS OF EUROPE (Percival Marshall. 15s.) is another book for the holiday-maker. Gordon Cooper, who requires no introduction to *Sphere* readers because of his outstanding travel articles, describes the religious, sporting and cultural festivities of all the European countries. He includes an extensive and delightful chapter on traditional customs in Great Britain from Up-Helly-a in the Shetlands to Helston's Furry Dance.

Jeremy Tunstall has written an admirable documentary in THE FISHERMEN (Macgibbon and Kee. 25s.). This is the story of the Hull distant-water fishermen who venture into Arctic waters for what is generally speaking very poor pay in most exacting conditions. Here is no attempt to glamorise; but a realistic and lively piece of writing.

Richard Edmonds

THE BLACKAMOOR'S URN (Cassell. 15s.), by Miss Jean Morris, is brilliantly written, evocative, compassionate and amazingly involved. It is, in fact, not one story but at least three and, since they are not too firmly interwoven, the reader is required to have a special degree of alertness. Fascinating and, as I say, impeccable in style.

Twelve short and one very long story make up Mr. Walter Macken's collection in GOD MADE SUNDAY (Macmillan. 16s.), a volume which illustrates the story-telling talent of the distinguished Irish writer. Mr. Macken is known also for his plays, his B.B.C. scripts and as a theatrical producer and actor. His invention is prodigious but it is in these tales, and particularly in the title story, that his true value is displayed, and the essentially Irish character of his writing shows at its best.

THE GARDEN (Heinemann. 13s. 6d.), by Miss Kathrin Perutz, is a slightly hair-raising story about an American women's college and the first essays in love and lust undertaken by some of its seventeen-year-olds. Generally very well written, occasionally much overwritten, this is a catalogue of passionate *schwarmereis*, experimental petting parties and a good deal of drinking. The line between candour and sensationalism is sometimes very thin indeed. Mr. Julian Mayfield's THE GRAND PARADE (Michael Joseph. 21s.) is also set against an American background but in other respects is as different as chalk from cheese. Essentially this is a study of racial segregation, powerfully told, violent and single-minded, with a straightforward technique which adds to the vividness of the story.

In Australia teddy-boys are called bodgies and their female counterparts widgies. Bodgies and widgies may also be called juvenile delinquents and, in a remarkable new novel by Criena Rohan, they may be shown as vulnerable, groping young people, accustomed to a tough and brutal independence and working out their own often pathetic destinies. THE DELINQUENTS (Gollancz. 15s.) may not be the most comfortable of reading but it is electrifyingly good and quite haunting.

FOUR PUNTERS ARE MISSING (Hammond. 15s.) is not exactly a murder story, a detective story or a thriller but it does include a number of gangsters, thugs and other criminal types. It is also a light-hearted, brisk story, by Mr. Alexander Rose, of what happens when a respectable lawyer starts backing horses in New York. First of all, it is illegal to back horses anywhere except on a racecourse. Secondly, the gentleman has a long run of losers and, thirdly, the scheme his wife devises for getting him out of trouble leads to three forms of disaster. Nevertheless, this is a funny, engaging book and, unconsciously, a great boost for British bookies.

CHAIN OF DARKNESS (Michael Joseph. 15s.), by Mr. Kenneth Cook, is about the manhunt of a murderer and the parallel knife-work (verbal only) in the offices of a TV news unit. The background is Australia, which I detected by no other indication than that the cops are armed and the TV men's favourite meal is steak with egg and onions. In any setting this would have been a good, fast-moving story with a genuinely exciting climax.

DEATH ON THE SIXTH DAY (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 15s.) is a true thriller with a bowstring tautness of tension and really no deficiencies except for the near-idiocy of its heroine and principal victim who has been psycho-analysed out of a happy marriage in a way which the author, Mr. Henry Farrell, obviously thinks permissible if not actually commonplace. Apart from that, it is a first-rate story, logically constructed and with suspense mounting to a just bearable point.

Vernon Fane

The Pirate King (Harry Mossfield), extreme left, and pirates in a chorus from *The Pirates of Penzance*

Ralph (Andrew Downie) and Sir Joseph Porter

H.M.S. PINAFORE AND THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE

At Her Majesty's Theatre, Haymarket

Lovers of Gilbert and Sullivan are offered a wide choice of productions in London. Latest to arrive are the versions of two of the operas running in alternate weeks for a season at Her Majesty's. Both of these are the famous Sir Tyrone Guthrie productions first mounted in Canada and acclaimed in New York. No alterations have been made in the text and all Gilbert's puns and allusions have been kept, although much new business has been added. This adds up to a fresh and lively version of the operas. Sir Tyrone Guthrie has kept very much to the period of the original productions—*Pinafore* is dressed in the costumes of 1878 and *Pirates* in those of a slightly later period. Leading players are Marion Studholme, Irene Byatt and Eric House.

Two scenes from *The Pirates of Penzance*—Edith (Annabelle Adams) wonders where her father is, and **right:** The Sergeant (Howell Glynne) and his police force mourn their unhappy lot

LEADERS OF BRITISH INDUSTRY

Photographed by Tom Hustler

J. P. Hunt

As executive chairman of the holding company, Staveley Industries Limited, Mr. Hunt is head of a large number of industrial companies, including several in Canada. He also holds a number of directorships ranging from the Midland Bank to the Sheffield Amateur Sports Club Limited. Born in Sheffield in 1907, John Philip Hunt was educated at Malvern College. He started work in 1926 as a hot steel rolling mill operator with the Hallamshire Steel Company of Sheffield. By 1935, he was managing director of the concern and became its chairman in 1950. Four years later he became managing director of The Staveley Coal and Iron Company (now Staveley Industries). In his public career, Mr. Hunt has been a member of a number of committees of the British Iron and Steel Federation; Master of the Company of Cutlers in Hallamshire, Sheffield, 1948-49; a J.P. in Sheffield from 1951-54; and a Governor of Malvern. In 1950, as a Conservative, he fought the first by-election after Labour was returned to power, at Neepsend, Sheffield, reducing the Labour majority in the seat. From 1927-40, he served in the Hallamshire Battalion (T.A.) York and Lancaster Regiment, including service in Norway and Iceland. Then he was in the Home Guard until 1945 and re-formed the Hallamshire Battalion which he commanded until 1949 when he was brevetted Colonel. In 1951 he re-formed the Sheffield Battalion of the Home Guard, resigning in 1953. Married, with one daughter and three sons, Mr. Hunt lives at Bakewell, in Derbyshire. His recreations are shooting and fishing

THE COAL BOARD AT WORK

By "THE SPHERE" INDUSTRIAL CORRESPONDENT

When the Electricity Council breached the pay pause last autumn, it earned a severe reprimand from the Government. When Dr. Beeching began arguing with the railwaymen about giving them a rise, he was given some pretty heavy-handed advice in advance about just how far he should go. When Lord Robens offered the miners quite a significant increase in wages, he appears to have been given a completely free hand. Some industries, it would seem, are more nationalised than others.

You can't explain this difference in treatment according to the departmental ministers concerned; Mr. Richard Wood, Minister of Power, was sharp with Electricity's Sir Robertson King, but mild with Lord Robens. Nor according to the prosperity of the industry. The electricity business is the one nationalised industry that makes whacking surpluses pretty regularly, and had the money to spare. The National Coal Board is not in the state of helpless penury from which new legislation had to be devised to rescue Dr. Beeching's railways; but it has shown deficits in far more of the years since nationalisation than it has surpluses, and even today, under Lord Robens, it is not yet breaking even. Has the difference in attitude something to do with Lord Robens, or with the nature of the mining industry?

Probably all the personalities involved would deny that there is anything personal about it. It may perhaps be true that Lord Robens is on closer terms with the Government, and more intimately *en rapport* with what may at any time be politically possible in Whitehall and Westminster, than any other public industry chairman. He is said to have had considerable, though conditional, assurances about non-interference from the Cabinet when he was appointed less than two years ago (though one assumes that Dr. Beeching had similar assurances too). Certainly the National Union of Mineworkers has perhaps the largest lobby of friendly M.P.s of any organisation; but this particular group of Labour members have no influence whatever on a Conservative Government.

Lord Robens himself has little doubt that coal is a special case at present, in which the miners are entitled to some special rewards. Last year, he has said, was "a vintage year" for British coal; and he expects this one to be even better. Certainly the industry in the last twelve months does seem to have gained benefits from reorganisation and technical progress that have been sadly lacking in most earlier years (when, however, much of the groundwork for this advance was carried out).

The advance did not come in production; this is an industry where production has been held down to a predetermined limit, lower than the year before, in order to get accumulated coal stocks back to manageable proportions. It came in productivity. There was a gain of about 6 per cent. in "output per man-shift," with the improvement mounting in degree during the year. This was largely a matter of increased mechanisation; hundreds of power-loading installations were put in during the year, and many of those already in place began to be worked more intensively.

Extra productivity down a mine, however, isn't simply a matter of investing the public money, getting the equipment put up, and then switching it on smoothly. The introduction of power-loading equipment, which not only cuts the coal mechanically but moves it away from the coal face onto a conveyor feeding the main underground transport that takes coal back to the bottom of the mine shaft, means radical reorganisation of any face worked by hand or by ordinary coal-cutting machinery.

The eventual demands that this makes on the miners concerned should not be greater; eventually, one will get the same amount of coal with less labour. But in the transitional period the demands on the miners involved can be very considerable. The traditional pattern of mining usually involves three shifts of quite different activity; cutting and breaking down the coal and moving it away from the face to the main conveyors, advancing the props under the roof towards the new coal face and moving the coal-cutter forward to start slicing another cut off the newly uncovered coal: the waste rock and dust, meanwhile, has to be removed or stowed.

A mining system that carried through all these operations at once, as power-loading should, means that all these operations are concentrated into the same shift. The coal is cut and begins moving away simultaneously; arrangements have to be made to shift the machine forward rapidly at the end of each cut across the coal face, and the "face conveyor" that serves it; and even the roof supports can now be extended automatically to take up the strain above the continuing operations as works goes on. This improves efficiency by saving time and cost; but it puts considerably more strain upon the different specialists concerned, particularly when they are working in the confined spaces of a British mine heading with thin coal seams. The whole rhythm of mining operations—and steady sequence means a lot in any demanding, physically clumsy activity—is utterly changed; different jobs are required of men on the same mining teams. During a period of transition from the one system to the other, the National Coal Board is certainly justified in arguing that efforts to adjust to the change require some recognition in payment of the workers involved.

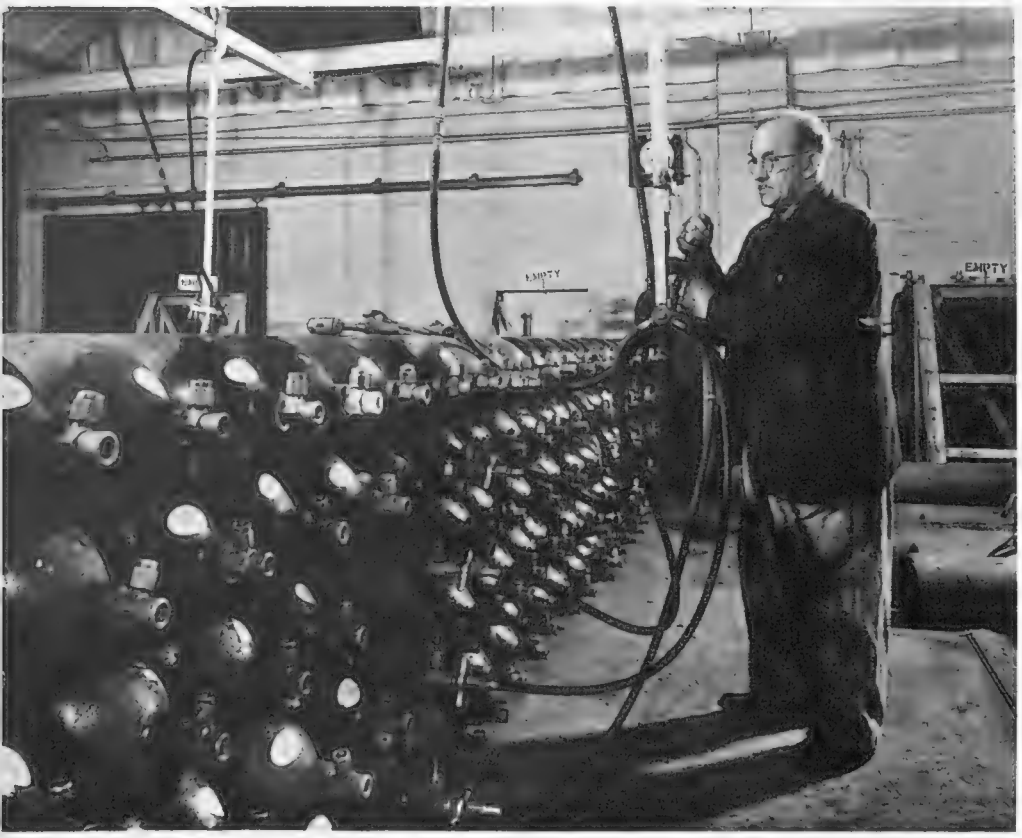
Eventually, however, the operation should save labour, and probably become considerably easier in physical terms. In terms of intelligence and skill, it may become more demanding. The miner operating a well-organised power-loading operation won't need his muscles nearly as much, nor the strength and knack that enable men hewing coal by hand to work for hours on end in awkward positions putting forth great energy. But he may be working in even greater noise, and with things happening simultaneously at greater speeds, which can put up the risk of accident; and the team of men will have to be ready to make minor operational repairs to quite an assortment of heavy mechanical and electrical equipment, in difficult conditions. Like so many jobs where the physical effort is reduced by installing more machinery, the demands on intelligence, training, and sustained alertness become greater.

A slicer loader at Dinnington Colliery near Rotherham. **Right:** A coal plough at the face in Wernos Colliery, Carmarthen

"Fewer and better-paid miners" is an aim that most fuel consumers would be perfectly willing to endorse—so long as the consumer is not forgotten in sharing out the benefits of extra productivity. The doubt that the outside person must feel about the National Coal Board's present confidence and readiness to share the rewards of extra efficiency is simply a commercial one. Will the British industry be able to sell all the coal it has the capacity to mine more efficiently or not?

Here, admittedly, the Coal Board is not sparing its efforts either. It is spending heavily on advertising; it has improved its technical service, to offer closer competition to the expertise of oil and gas salesmen; it is developing more and more automatic coal-burning equipment, and offering households and small businesses the chance to buy installation, service and fuel by paying one regular bill. Nevertheless, oil has made big inroads into the markets formerly enjoyed by coal; and many industrial consumers, such as those at coastal steelworks, are complaining that they could secure American coal cheaper if they were allowed to import it. Lord Robens's hopes of viability for British coal, and his opportunity to offer miners an attractive future, depend basically on the ability to sell coal, not simply to produce it. Unless the savings achieved can be passed on into prices as well, the outside observer may find it difficult to share his confidence.

A rectification column for a 200-ton-per-day oxygen plant is prepared for pressure tests at the Edmonton Works of The British Oxygen Company. In operation the column separates oxygen and nitrogen from air which has been taken from the atmosphere and liquefied by means of associated equipment. The column is made from aluminium and is of all-welded construction. So far British Oxygen have installed 15 tonnage oxygen plants in the U.K. and eight overseas



The cylinder filling department at the Wembley Works. Many industrial users of oxygen, nitrogen and other atmospheric gases in the London area obtain supplies from this factory. Each of the cylinders being filled holds 240 cu. ft. of oxygen at a pressure of 1,980 lb. per sq. in.

ADOLF MORATH PHOTOGRAPHS

BRITISH INDUSTRY

Factories of

The British Oxygen Company

Oxygen extracted from the atmosphere has an immense number of uses in modern industry and science. It is invaluable to steelmakers, and in liquid form it is used as a fuel for rockets or to help men breathe in outer space. Every day it is assisting in the saving of life in hospitals, first aid centres or ambulances. Mixed with fuel gases such as acetylene or propane, oxygen has many industrial uses such as welding, cutting, flame hardening and cleaning. Nitrogen and inert gases, such as argon, helium and neon, also have many applications.

Britain's first plant for producing oxygen on a commercial scale was opened in London at Wembley just over seventy-five years ago by what is now The British Oxygen Company Limited. This firm today is the biggest manufacturer of industrial gases, plant and equipment in the Commonwealth.

It has gas-producing works and distribution centres throughout Britain. It offers an essential service to customers ranging from steelmakers wanting hundreds of tons of oxygen a day to the remote village blacksmith who only requires a cylinder. In

(Continued on page 286)

A mild steel belt for a caustic scrubber unit is welded by the Unionmelt automatic process at Edmonton. These units are used in a tonnage plant to dry air from the atmosphere and free it from impurities before cooling. For the scrubber unit for a 200-ton-per-day plant three of these belts are welded together to give a total vessel length of 33 ft. Vessels of this type are built to meet highly critical inspection standards

The breathing rate of the Stephenson Minuteman, which is a portable resuscitator, is checked at British Oxygen's Harlow Works. As well as providing a service of medical gases the company makes a wide range of medical equipment

Right: High-pressure copper tubing is wound round a copper mandrel (cylindrical core). This is part of a cross-flow heat exchange unit used in certain tonnage plants. In the first stage of liquefying air, it is passed through the tube bores at 3,000 lb./sq. in., where it is cooled down by passing nitrogen gas over the tubes. In a unit for a 200-ton-per-day plant, over 43,000 ft. of tube is wound around the copper mandrel

A 3½-litre liquid oxygen container is assembled in dust-free conditions at the Harlow factory. Liquid oxygen breathing systems for aircraft ranging from the Folland Gnat trainer to the Gloster Whitworth Argosy C.1 transport aircraft are made at this factory. At 40,000 ft. this type of container would supply a pilot and navigator with oxygen for about seven hours

(*Continued from page 284*)

an average year the company's 1,100 tankers, lorries and other commercial vehicles travel 23,000,000 miles.

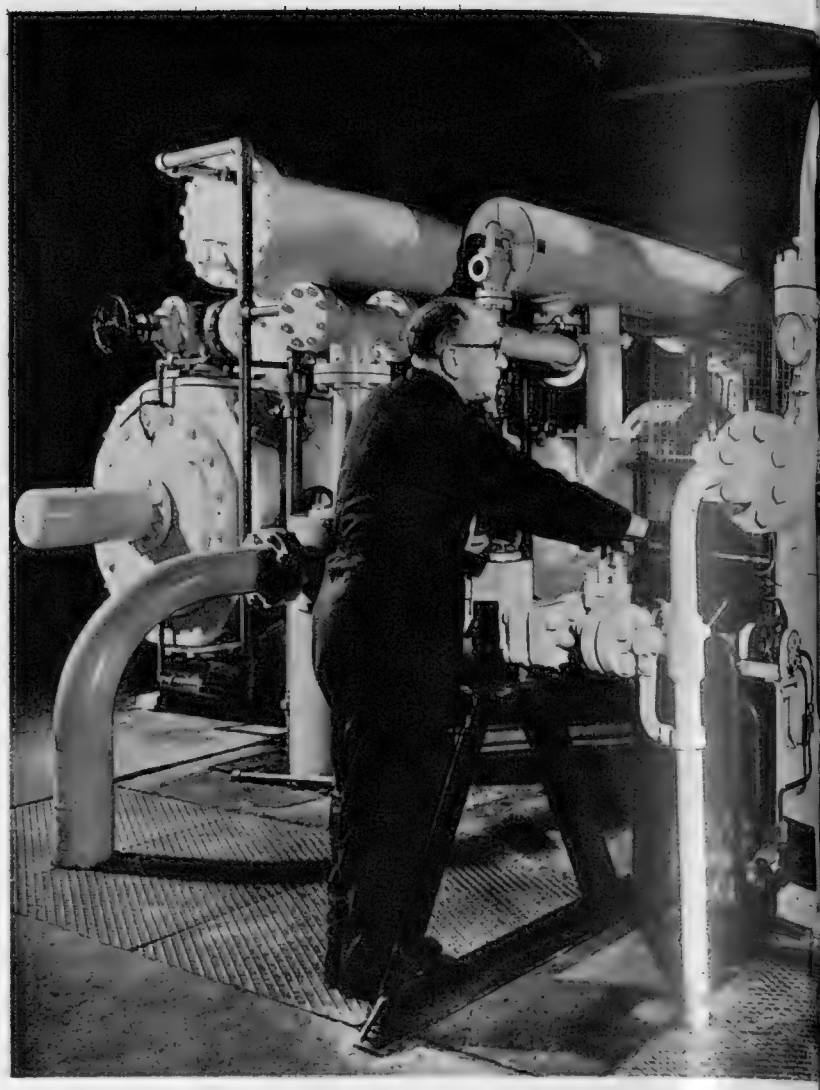
The main engineering works is at Edmonton, in Middlesex, where tonnage oxygen or nitrogen plants are made for the iron, steel and chemical industries at home and overseas. The company has so far installed fifteen of these plants in Britain, and twelve more are under construction. Costing from about £500,000 upwards, their capacities range from 100 tons a day to over 500 tons a day. Overseas, eight plants have already been installed. Edmonton also make equipment for cutting and welding. This ranges from the " Eagle " computer-controlled cutting machine for cutting ship's plates to shape, to a foot-long hand blowpipe for welding and cutting.

At the Harlow factory medical equipment is made for hospitals, factories, local authorities and first-aid posts. B.O.C.'s medical gas supply service, started over 75 years ago with oxygen, now covers almost all the medical gases in general use.

Harlow also manufactures liquid oxygen breathing systems for many important civil and military aircraft. Research has enabled a variety of small lightweight containers for liquid oxygen to be produced, which are about a quarter of the weight of the gas-filled steel cylinders which used to be the only form of container available.

Complementary to the company's gas welding interests is its Electric Welding Department. At the Quasi-Arc Works at Bilston and Gateshead are produced about one-third of the arc welding electrodes and equipment sold in Britain.

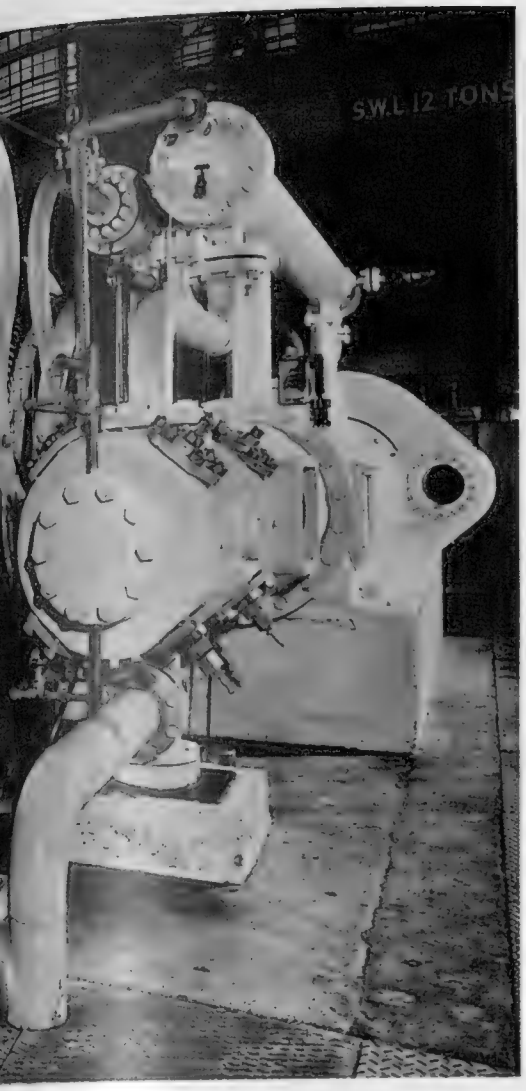
The company also contributes to the industry of plastics, paints and synthetic rubbers. It is a major supplier of Melamine, which is a raw material used in plastics, and of polyvinyl acetate, which is used in emulsion paints. With all these aspects, British Oxygen has deservedly been called an industry which serves industry.



The air compressor plant used in the manufacture of atmospheric gases at the Wembley cu. ft. an hour and compresses it to 2,000 lb. per sq. in. The air is then purified,

Below: High-flying masks are routine tested in the decompression chamber of the laboratory at Harlow Works

BRITISH



Works. The plant draws air at a rate of about 135,000 cooled, liquefied and distilled into its constituent gases

OXYGEN

A 75-litre liquid oxygen dispenser for charging aircraft liquid oxygen systems is tested for leaks at the Edmonton Works. In the test the vessel is pressurised with a Halogen gas and any leaks can be found with a sensitive leak detector. Under a development contract awarded by the Ministry of Aviation, British Oxygen pioneered the reintroduction of liquid oxygen equipment in the latest British service aircraft

Pressure gauges are checked against a master gauge at the Edmonton Works. An important part of the work of this factory is the manufacture and servicing of regulator gauges for the different industrial gases

The 105,000-cu.-ft. capacity liquid oxygen tanker is filled at the Wembley Works. The company's 1,100 commercial vehicles travel over 23,000,000 miles a year in the U.K. to maintain the round-the-clock service. The fleet ranges from the great 300,000 cu. ft. liquid oxygen tankers to the small service vans

THE SHAPE OF THE VC-10

In the flight hangar at the works at Weybridge, Surrey, of Vickers-Armstrongs (Aircraft) Limited, the first VC-10 long-range jet airliner is nearly complete. **Below:** Cocooned in scaffolding, the VC-10 has its four Rolls-Royce Conway 42/1 by-pass turbojets mounted in pairs at the rear of the fuselage, with the tailplane mounted high out of the way on the top of the fin. It is hoped that the VC-10 will fly by the end of May and that the first of the deliveries of the airliner should be made to BOAC next year. With its rear-mounted engines, the VC-10 follows the trend of the second generation of British jet airliners. (Others are the de Havilland Trident and the BAC One-Eleven.) By the middle to late '60's, BOAC are to have twelve standard VC-10's, carrying up to 150 passengers, at speeds up to 600 m.p.h. over Commonwealth and North Atlantic routes, and thirty Super VC-10's, which have a longer fuselage, accommodation for up to 180 passengers, and different versions of the Conway engines

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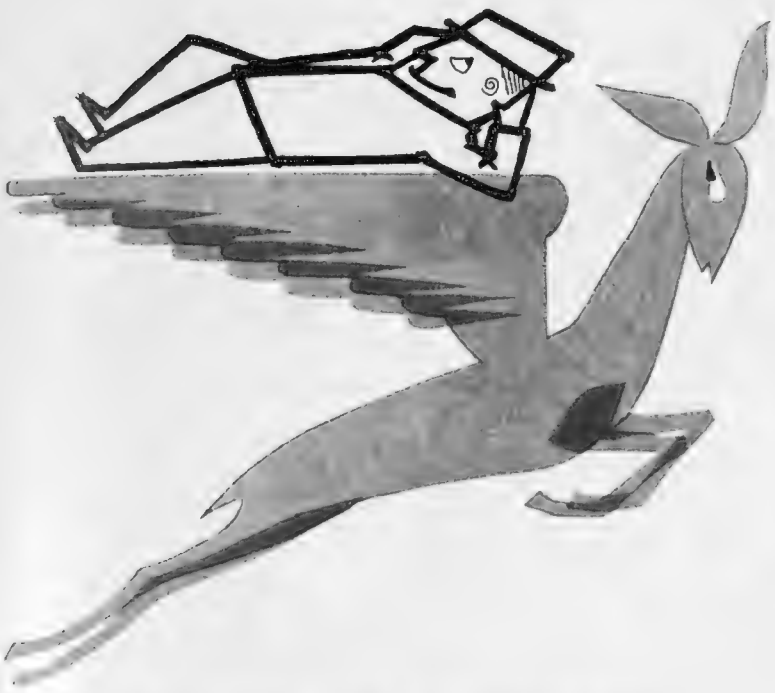

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INDUSTRY AND THE STOCK MARKET

CAMPERS' SHARES

By "THE SPHERE" CITY CORRESPONDENT

"A £1,500,000 increase in revenue"; "Substantially higher profits"; "A marked improvement in trading"; these optimistic forecasts have all come recently from chairmen of companies that are now attracting a good deal of interest in the City—holiday camps. Until recently, shares in holiday-camp companies tended to be regarded as short-term speculations rather than investments. But three factors, operating over the past twelve months, have changed City opinion.

First has been the improvement in profits reported by leading units in the business. Second has been a number of take-overs, which have produced several companies of comparable size to larger industrial concerns. Third, and even more fundamental, holiday camps have been recognised as one of the leisure industries which may have marked expansion possibilities in the 1960's. Aim of all large holiday-camp groups is to have sites located within easy reach of all major industrial towns. Competition for sites is therefore intense.

In all these groups, management is of outstanding importance. In a number of cases, the particular directors and their associates have effective share control. In the early post-war years, board-room differences affected a number of holiday-camp companies while some holiday-camp ventures—especially into allied businesses, such as hotels abroad—did not prosper.

Easily the largest and best-known holiday-camp group is Butlin's, headed by Mr. W. E. Butlin, and which has associations with Mr. Charles Clore (through the issuing house, Investment Registry) and with the investment trust magnate, Mr. H. C. Drayton. Butlin's, whose business has virtually doubled in size over the past three years, now commands assets of more than £10,000,000. Gross revenue, too, doubled in the 1950's, but the real benefit to profits has only emerged in the past few years: net income, less than £200,000 in 1954, exceeded £800,000 last year. Shareholders' dividends had to be cut back in the early 1950's—these cuts, a feature of the industry, helped to give holiday-camp shares their rather speculative flavour—and Butlin's rate was lowered from 100 per cent. to only 20 per cent. between 1947 and 1952. Since then, shareholders' payment has been increased to 160 per cent. equivalent while a further sizeable improvement has been indicated for 1961.

One feature of Butlin's financial position is strong cash holdings, and the 1960 balance sheet showed nearly £1,400,000 in short-term corporation loans. This cash should help to finance expansion and may rule out another share issue for some time to come.

Expansion finance is clearly necessary to holiday-camp groups, and Pontin's, one of the largest apart from Butlin's, is now raising over £1,000,000 from shareholders. Like Butlin's, Pontin's profits fell sharply in the early 1950's, and in 1952 shareholders had to go without a dividend while Mr. F. W. Pontin told of a £15,000 loss. But since then earnings have recovered steadily, with a notable improvement emerging from 1959 onwards. For 1961 Pontin's showed a £160,000 profit with shareholders' dividend rate raised to 35 per cent.—precisely double the dividend that was being paid five years before. Pontin's directors reported in 1961 that the group owned sixteen holiday camps, but Pontin's have also been expanding by new acquisitions.

Last year Pontin's bought control of Dolphin Camps, in Devon, after the Dolphin board had turned down an earlier offer. During the summer Pontin's took over Squires Gate holiday camp at Blackpool and issued a block of shares in exchange for 14 acres of land at Weston-super-Mare. One of Pontin's most important acquisitions in recent years was Middleton Tower Holiday Camp, owning a camp at Morecambe.

While acquisitions have played an important part in Pontin's expansion, Warner's, one of the smaller groups, have grown mainly from their own resources. Warner's, who control assets of around £1,500,000, operate large camps at Hayling Island, the Isle of Wight and the Isle of Sheppey. During 1960, Warner's acquired control of a hotel company and last year bought a 28-acre site at the Isle of Wight to build a new camp. Warner's profit record is rather more stable than the larger groups', and shareholders' dividend was held at 20 per cent. in the early 1950's. Profits doubled between 1956 and 1961, and dividends have correspondingly improved since then.

Rapid growth is the feature of all three holiday camps' records, both in profits and dividends. Share prices, too, have increased and all three holiday camp ordinaries now stand well above their peak levels reached in 1960. As investors are buying further growth possibilities, none of these shares offer a large dividend yield. All three offer between 3 per cent. and 3½ per cent., which is well below the average for industrial shares.

Holiday-camp shares will not appeal to investors who want income, nor will they appeal to investors who want equities that can be locked away and forgotten. Though no longer speculative, holiday-camp shares remain rather more risky than the well-known large industrial concerns. Holiday-camp shares are for people who can watch their investments and who are prepared to risk some possible loss in return for growth possibilities.

GOOD LIVING

By Ganymede

The year 1960 was recently declared a vintage by the firm of Croft and Company. This, and fifteen earlier vintages of port, were included in a tasting given at the Casa de Portugal, London, by Croft's and their British agents, W. and A. Gilbey Limited. The range of vintages, which embraced some of the finest of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, made this a unique occasion. Most remarkable was the 1878 (bottled 1880), a great rarity indeed, which still showed some sugar, and a very delicate bouquet and flavour. The 1904 was a fine example of that year, well remembered for the fact that because of the absence of brandy in Portugal the port was fortified by imported German alcohol.

So the tasters followed this unprecedented cavalcade to the dry but light 1908, the even drier but richly bouqueted 1912, and the late-bottled 1920 (bottled 1923), so delicate and elegant; then on to the 1922 with its flowery nose, and the fine 1924, a little sweeter than the 1920. The 1927 vintage was represented by normal and late-bottled wine. This was a very good vintage, and should remain at its peak for some years to come. The same could be said about the 1935, which is not quite such a big wine. The 1942 was bottled in Oporto in 1945—late, in order to accelerate its maturing when stocks in London were low owing to the war years.

The 1945 (also bottled in Oporto) is regarded as one of the finest vintages of this century. It is a generous, sweet wine with a great bouquet and taste, and far from being at its best yet. The 1950 (London bottled) is a more delicate wine, elegant and soft with a good bouquet which should reach peak condition long before the 1945. The 1955 is a big wine full of fruit and character which will need plenty of time to develop.

Mr. J. D. Derouet, director of Bols' agents in this country, is offered a Rembrandt cocktail, a prize-winning invention based on Bols Apricot Brandy, which was introduced at a party at Quaglinos in London

The "new" vintage of 1960 is similar to the 1955 before bottling, I was told. It has a good, purple colour, lots of body and fruit with a fresh bouquet and is said to be better, if anything, than the 1955 was at the same time before bottling.

This was a most interesting tasting, showing the distinctive "house style" of Croft's, and the comparison of the development of the different vintages. Once more the fascination of the study of vintage port became clear to me, if only for the lack of predictability of the different vintages. Witness the 1945, which after fifteen years in bottles still has its full future development in store. In spite of this, it will be found that it is very difficult to find any '45's in the trade, although not quite as difficult as the earlier vintages, the '27's and '35's, for example, which are as rare as gold dust. The '50's and '55's are generally available, and of course orders for the 1960 can be placed.

Liqueurs and coffee (plus a few titbits) were the theme of a cocktail-party given at Quaglinos jointly by the directors of Twining and Company and Bols Limited. This was the occasion for the introduction of a new cocktail based on the popular Bols Apricot Brandy. Named the Rembrandt Cocktail, it is the prizewinning invention of Peter Razouvaieff, barman at the Aperitif Grill. I would not regard myself as a cocktail drinker, but this one I really enjoyed. Here is the recipe: one-third Bols Apricot Brandy, one-third Vodka, one-sixth fresh lemon juice, one-sixth fresh orange juice. Mix with ice in a shaker, or if you have no shaker, with a swizzle stick in a glass. Finish with zest of lemon and decorate, if you like, with slice of lemon or cherry. And that's it. Splendid. . . .

You may wonder why it is named after Rembrandt. I did, and this is the answer I was given. "The Bols liqueur is a masterpiece, and Dutch, too. The maker's firm dates back to 1575. Like any other Rembrandt, it reveals a discriminating palate (only the spelling is different) and certainly lends a glow to any interior . . . yours most of all, we hope." I could not really expect a better explanation!

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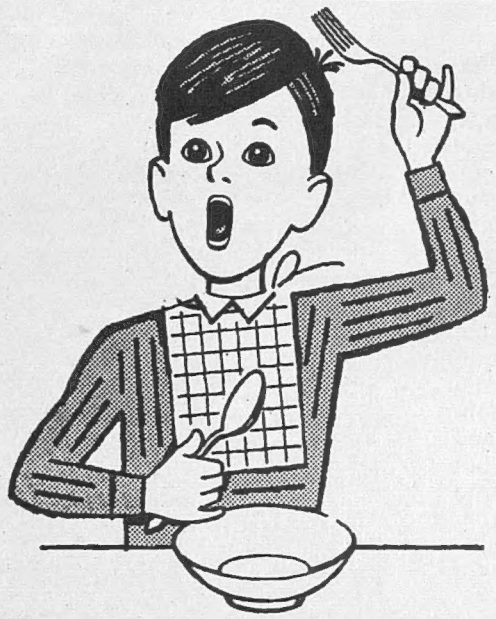

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MOTORING

CROSSING THE CHANNEL

More news of the "Free Enterprise" and other topics

By **COURTENAY EDWARDS**

When I flew to Rotterdam with Mr. George Nott, boss of Townsend Brothers, the Channel car ferry pioneers, for the launching of their new 125-car ferry ship, the £1,000,000 *Free Enterprise*, I found him refreshingly unworried by the prospect of growing competition from the air ferries or any new link with the Continent by tunnel or bridge.

"There will always be room for a well-run independent ferry service like ours" he said. "Townsend Brothers have always aimed at making the boat trip from Dover to Calais part of the holiday and we have tried to develop that theme in our design of the *Free Enterprise*.

"Last year, with the fifty-five-car *Halladale*, we carried 27,300 vehicles (including many coaches) and all their passengers. It was a record year, with an increase of 25 per cent. in traffic from the Continent. Eighty per cent. of it was holiday traffic. Our new vessel is two-and-a-half times as big as the *Halladale* and we hope during the coming year to carry 85,000 vehicles and 300,000 passengers."

Mr. Nott has wide industrial and commercial interests, including the manufacture and installation of electronic and automatic equipment; property development; transport by land and sea; and finance. He thinks a Channel bridge is out of the question ("not merely a hazard to shipping but a positive danger") but considers a rail tunnel will be built eventually ("it will be of greater importance for commercial than holiday traffic").

Mr. Nott is already thinking of ordering another ferry ship and would do so soon if there was a real prospect of increased berthing and Customs facilities at Dover and Calais. He does not think there is a big future for the "deep penetration" air ferry services. "Too expensive for all but the very rich," he says.

The *Free Enterprise* was built in The Netherlands because George Nott came to the sad conclusion there was more chance of getting delivery on time. He told me the relations between Dutch workpeople and management are more stable than in Britain.

His new Dutch-built motor vessel has twin screw diesel engines of 3,400 b.h.p. each, controllable-pitch propellers for speedy reversing, twin rudders aft, a large bow rudder for reversing, an electrically-driven bow thrust unit to facilitate manœuvring, twin funnels, a turntable 22 ft. in diameter and a recessed deck capable of accommodating the largest road vehicles.

With the launching of the *Free Enterprise*, which is expected to come into service in April, came news from Mr. Cecil Byford, general manager of the Dover Harbour Board, that last year the number of accompanied vehicles brought into or taken out of the port exceeded the 300,000 mark for the first time. The total of 352,329 was 21 per cent. more than in 1960.

What is a sports car? Rodney Walkerley, experienced motor racing critic, tries to answer this question in his latest book: *Sports Cars Today*, Arthur Barker, 13s. 6d. I say "tries" because, as Mr. Walkerley admits, the term almost defies definition. Thanks to motor racing, the line of demarcation between the true two-seater sports car and the single-seat Grand Prix car has become very blurred.

"It has often been said with much truth," says Walkerley, "that the sports car of today is the touring car of tomorrow but in the beginning of motoring it was the other way about. The existing touring cars were turned into competition cars in the pursuit of more and more power and higher speeds by the simple expedient of increasing the size of the engine from year to year.

"With the advent of the Grands Prix of the Automobile Club of France, which replaced the Gordon Bennett races from 1906 onwards, the competing cars were pure racing cars although they had two seats and carried driver and passenger-mechanic."

The 120-m.p.h. Daimler SP 250 sports car

Mr. Walkerley says the true sports car of today is the *gran turismo* model: "a production model that anyone can buy." The International Automobile Federation, controlling body for motor sport, defines a grand touring model (to translate into English) as a production car of which at least 100 were built in twelve months. (Similarly, the F.I.A. rules that an ordinary touring car is one of which 1,000 have been built in twelve months.)

I think, on the whole, we are getting a little pedantic in trying to decide what is a sports car and what is not. The little Austin Healey Sprite is surely a sports car, like its twin, the M.G. Midget. Because it is available in open two-seater form with a performance that is brisk having regard to its engine size, I think it is entitled to be so called even though it can be easily overtaken by more powerful saloon cars (including some in the medium price range).

I should hope, too, that no-one would quarrel with me for calling the 120 m.p.h. Daimler SP 250 a sports car, in whatever F.I.A. category it falls. Here is a two-seater, with room in the back (uncomfortably) for one adult or (quite comfortably) two children, with a superb V-8 engine of 2,548 c.c. which develops 140 b.h.p. at 5,800 r.p.m.

Quite frankly, the engine is by far the best part of the car. I have never liked the shape of the plastic body (designed before Daimler was bought by Sir William Lyons, head of Jaguar) and, being nearly 6 ft. tall, I do not find the sitting position very comfortable. The rear end jumps about a bit on rough surfaces taken fast and I was irritated by a paralysing draught on my right knee and the fact that when I opened the boot lid on a wet morning my luggage was drenched by the rain water that poured in on it.

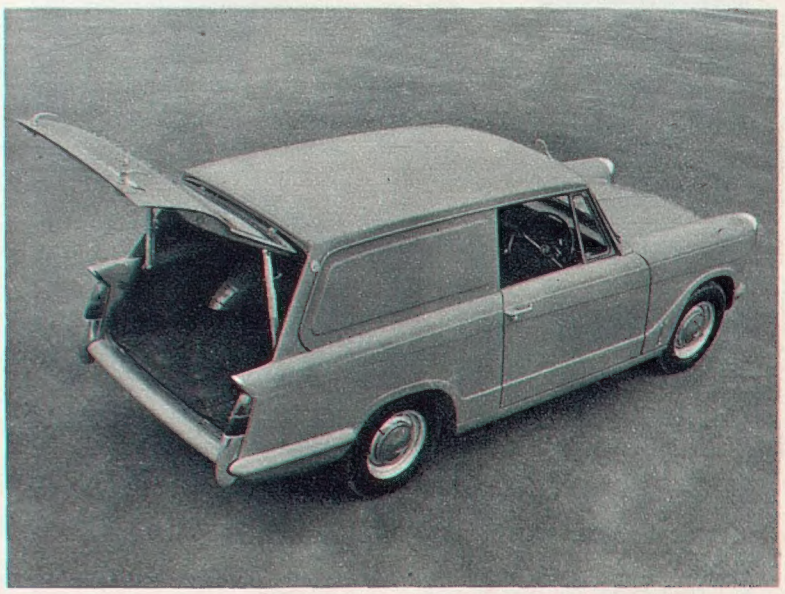
This sports car costs £1,539 in its cheapest version (with folding hood), though the model I tried was the £1,602 hard-top and you can get one with both kinds of roof for £1,634. Having got these criticisms off my chest I want to say I thoroughly enjoyed driving this sports Daimler because of its delightfully smooth, quiet and punchy engine coupled with its choice of gear ratios. You have to step rather hard on the clutch pedal to ensure noiseless changes but you soon get used to this and find yourself juggling with the gears like a top-grade circus performer.

The SP 250's good points include Girling disc brakes on all four wheels, generous instrumentation (including large-dial tachometer and water temperature gauge), commodious luggage boot and real leather upholstery. But why should the screen washer be extra on a £1,500, 120 m.p.h. car? Or on any car for that matter.

During a visit to C.A.V.'s fine new £1,500,000 laboratories at Acton (recently opened by Mr. F. J. Erroll, President of the Board of Trade) I was particularly impressed by the work being done there by a team of experts to try to make diesel engines quieter.

C.A.V. (the initials of Mr. C. A. Vandervell, founder of the firm, now part of the Joseph Lucas organisation) have a vested interest in diesels, for they make most of the fuel pump equipment and electrical gear fitted to British-built compression-ignition engines, world leaders in production and export for this type of power plant.

They have found that much of the diesel's unpleasant "knock" is due to the fact that the walls of the cylinder block act as a sounding board. So they have devised a "skeleton" frame for diesels onto which they fix sound-deadening panels of laminated rubber. I drove a Wolseley 1500 powered by one of these experimental engines (based on a Perkins unit) and was impressed by its low noise level and good performance.



The Triumph Courier 5-cwt. van, which incorporates the leading design features of the 1,147-c.c. Herald, is the first light commercial vehicle produced by Standard-Triumph International since its absorption by Leyland. The Courier costs £528

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BRITAIN AT ITS BEST

The Rowing Club at Maidenhead on the Thames

ROWING was a competitive sport when Virgil wrote the Aeneid and Ulysses visited the 'oar-loving' Phaeacians. But in modern times it was the gentle, green-flanked Thames that became the cradle of rowing for pleasure. The first race on record is that for Doggett's Coat and Badge in 1715 from London Bridge to Chelsea, and Dr. Johnson in a letter to Mrs. Thrale refers to a regatta at Vauxhall in 1775. 1829 saw the first 'boat race' and 1839 the first Henley Royal Regatta—now a sparkling social occasion and magnet to the world's crews. Certainly a more beautiful setting for it would be hard to find.

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